THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For SEPTEMBER, 1802.

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3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant PATTERN for a HANDKERCHIEF or APRON, &c.
5 MUSIC—DAMON TO DELIA: a Canzonet for three Voices. Composed by Mr. W. BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE return many thanks to E. W. for her Historical Tale of *Edeliza*: we hope she will favour us with further communications.

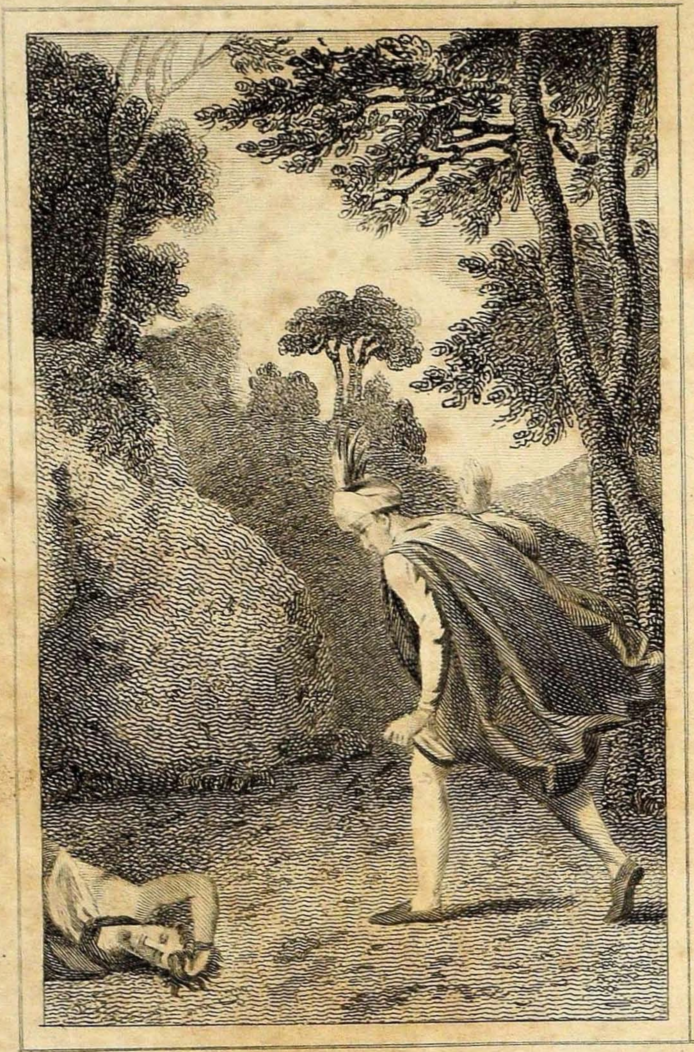
The poetical Novel, we fear, with our correspondent, will be too long: if a specimen be sent, with an estimate of the length, we shall be able to speak with more certainty,

The lines on a Tremendous Storm are too incorrect for insertion.

We are sorry to be obliged to say the same of the Evening Philosopher.

Kitty Bell's Epitaph is received, but we cannot promise it insertion.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



Hossein and Zulima.

THE

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SEPTEMBER, 1802.

HOSSEIN AND ZULIMA;

AN EASTERN TALE.

[*Embellished with an elegant Engraving.*]

HE who would blunt the edge of disappointment ought constantly to fix his attention on the deceitfulness of expectation, and the uncertainty of human life: the feeble and fugitive state of man should ever be present to his mind who is tempted to say, I will enjoy to-morrow.

In the reign of the caliph Almansur, Hossein, the son of Mahmud, was a brave and successful warrior, and a favourite with his sovereign: he extended the empire of his master over various provinces, and enriched himself with their plunder. He lived in the midst of the most ostentatious splendour, though the services on which he was employed seldom allowed him time to enjoy the luxuries with which he was surrounded.

Among the numerous beauties he had collected in his haram was a Circassian named Zulima, whose delicacy, sensibility, and intelligence, made a much greater impression on the heart of Hossein than the insipid charms of her rivals, though many of them exceeded her in purity of complexion and symmetry of form. He loved her with an ardent preference, and exulted in the conviction that she felt a corresponding passion. But his military duties, and his thirst of what he esteemed glory, seldom permitted him to enjoy her society, but hurried him to the field, to spread devastation through flourishing countries, and render thousands miserable, by renouncing his own happiness. When he returned laden with spoils and false honours, some new expedition, planned by his ambitious sovereign, again called him away. Zulima sighed and wept at his departure; and Hossein, while he embraced her, assured her that, on his return, he should be able to dedicate himself entirely to her, retired from the din of grandeur and ambition.

Zulima loved the tranquillity of solitude, and Hossein possessed a small but elegant mansion in the midst of spacious gardens, at a considerable distance from Bagdat, the city which Almansur had built, and to which he had removed the seat of his empire. To this residence Hossein had repeatedly promised Zulima that he would retire with her, and renounce for her endearments the tinsel of ostentatious pleasures, and the vanity of ambition; but the fulfilment of this promise was repeatedly deferred. After

 every

every successful return, some new enterprise was to be undertaken, or some court intrigue to be watched and managed; and Zulima, at length, gave up all hope of enjoying the happiness which she considered as alone genuine and real.

At length, after the termination of an expedition in which victory had no longer crowned his arms, and which was soon after followed by a visible diminution of the favour of his sovereign and of his influence and power at court, Hossein, in disgust, obtained leave to resign his command and employments, and retire to his country residence. He now sent word to Zulima that he had seen the folly of his ambitious pursuits, and was ready to seek happiness in that retirement to which she had so often before in vain invited him. He gave directions for her removal to the mansion in the garden, at the same time fixing the day when he should himself arrive there.

On the morning of that day he hastened to find his Zulima, and clasp her in his arms. Having passed the outer gate of the garden, he proceeded, without attendants, through the walks overshadowed with lofty trees. But what was his surprise and agitation, to behold his Zulima extended on the ground, and apparently lifeless! She had walked forth early in the morning, solacing herself with the expectation that she soon should see her beloved Hossein, and retain him entirely to herself amid these solitary scenes; when an asp of the most deadly kind bit her in the arm. She shrieked and fainted; but her attendants being few and at a distance, her shrieks were not heard, and she remained without assistance till the poison had preyed upon her vitals. In this state Hossein found her, and, half frantic, took her in his arms. She opened her dying eyes. 'Alas!' said she, 'dear Hossein, this it is to defer happiness. You have sacrificed love to ambition, and become wise too late—for me at least.' She could utter no more, but fainted, and soon after expired in the arms of her distracted husband.

Hossein remained overwhelmed with the most poignant grief and despair; which in a short time brought him to the grave, a victim to the fruitless repentance of having neglected to enjoy real happiness in the pursuit of that which is vain and fallacious.

THE PREVAILING FASHION AT PARIS.

EGYPTIAN EVENINGS.

WHAT is the favourite amusement of the day at Paris? Balls, concerts, plays? Undoubtedly these amusements are and always will be relished; but they are not the rage of the moment—not the diversion *par excellence*. To amuse ourselves now according to *bon ton*, to pass an evening in the fashion, we must, after dinner, retire from the rich saloon, the splendid 'drawing-room, and collect all the *beau-monde* in the most *sombre* and retired part of the house, and arrange our auditors in a circle, so that, each touching the other, the sensation may be easily communicated as by an electric chain. When every thing is thus disposed, the tapers are put out, and the most melancholy story is related that can be imagined, the horror of which is increased by darkness and the dead silence of the assembly. Women of fashion are enamoured of this pastime, and this is what is called spending an *Egyptian Evening*. As our

our readers may be unacquainted with this species of amusement, we shall give them some idea by relating a tale which we heard in one of the most brilliant societies of Paris.

'M. de N—— had formed a strict friendship at college with the son of a magistrate of Bourdeaux. The young men, whose tastes, habits, and pursuits, were the same, had vowed eternal friendship. When their studies were finished, each returned to the bosom of his family, and the Pylades and Orestes were forced to consent to a cruel separation. M. de N—— was ordered to take a tour: yet before he embarked he went to see his friend; and to strengthen, if possible, those ties that united them together, they promised the most punctual correspondence. A year had elapsed since M. de N——'s absence. He had written repeatedly, regularly, but had never received an answer. At length he was summoned to his native country and his home. As soon as he had reached Bourdeaux, he flew to his friend's country house. He was introduced to a venerable old man. M. de N—— started back with astonishment, and said that it was the son he wished to see. 'My son! is it possible! my son! What, have you not been told?'—'What, sir?'—'That he is dead!'—M. de N—— felt as if struck by a thunderbolt. He stammered out, however, his regret and his condolence, and was preparing to take his leave. It was late. The old man pressed him to stay till next day, and M. de N—— consented. After supper a footman conducted him to a retired and solitary room. 'Alas!' said he, 'this was the apartment of my young master.' One may imagine the impression which these words produced. The solitude and silence of the night increased the horror of his situation. Yet fatigue closed his eyelids, and he slept soundly; but scarcely had he got into the first sleep, when he was awakened by a sudden noise. He listened—the door of his chamber was unlocked—he opened his eyes, and perceived a spectre with a torch in his hand, covered with a white shroud, and resembling exactly in features and figure his deceased friend. A general tremor seized him. He would fain believe he was asleep—that he was dreaming—that it was an illusion. The noise of the curtains torn asunder, and the spectre still standing at the foot of his bed, convinced him too truly that he was awake. After some convulsive movements, the spectre drew the curtains and slowly retired. M. de N——, petrified with fear, fell into a kind of stupor—it could not be called sleep—which lasted till next morning. At breakfast he recounted, with evident marks of horror, the vision of the preceding night. The father paused for a moment, and attempted to convince M. de N—— that it was but a dream. The positive assurance, however, of the latter seemed to disconcert him; and he at length confessed that, having opposed the wishes of his son, who was in love with a young lady, and wished to marry her, the young man had lost his senses, and had committed such excesses, that he was forced to give it out that he was dead, and to shut him up in a retired part of the castle, from whence, no doubt, he had made his escape during the night, and had innocently wandered to M. de N——'s room after he was in bed.'

Thus finished this mournful tale, which was the most *piquante* and sentimental of all those we heard during one of the most fashionable *Soirées Egyptiennes.*

The

The History *of a* Kiss.

[*From the 'Journal des Dames.'*]

UNDER the reign of Astrea, men were only acquainted with the wants of their hearts; but modesty and respect regulated the gratification of them by prescribing bounds to desires. Hymen usually, after a mature trial, sealed the professions of lovers with the seal of constancy. Candour and exquisite delicacy reigned in all the expressions in which an amorous shepherd made an offer of his heart to his shepherdess. Modesty dictated to the maiden her answer; an air of embarrassment, a blush which diffused itself over her cheek, were to the shepherd the certain signs of his triumph, or of the failure of his suit.

In those happy times the kiss was not known. Modesty had placed it under the empire of conjugal fidelity; it was therefore, as yet, only classed with the secret caresses of a legitimate love. Except in the moments consecrated to mystery, a husband would not have dared to express by a kiss his tenderness for his wife. History has preserved an example of severity on such an occasion, which made a great impression: a citizen had his name erased from among those of his fellow citizens, for having given some passionate kisses to his wife in the presence of his daughter.

This purity of manners was a long time preserved. Nothing is more worthy of admiration than the scrupulous exactness of the paladins, or knights-errant, in the observation of this discipline. They traversed the world with the princesses they were to marry, without giving even a shadow of cause for the slightest censure from modesty. But these manners, which deservedly attracted the admiration of the world in remote ages, experienced revolutions.

Marriage was always the final object of desire. But it happened sometimes that a shepherdess changed her mind, though she had given a shepherd reason to hope that she would plight to him her faith. The shepherd, whose constancy had undergone several trials, found himself disappointed in his fond expectations. It was said that several shepherds, under such circumstances, had been induced by their grief and despair to lay violent hands on themselves. Complaints of this were made to Hymen, who immediately perceived all the consequences of such an evil; and, in concert with Modesty, ordered that, for the future, the shepherdess who should accept a shepherd for her husband should give him a kiss, as a pledge of the faith she promised him. It is necessary sometimes to relax from too great severity, which otherwise might be productive of the most fatal consequences. This regulation produced two good effects: a shepherd was no longer in uncertainty with respect to his fate, and bounds were affixed to a spirit of levity, the progress of which might perhaps have been too rapid.

Nothing is stable in this life: the most excellent establishments are exposed to vicissitudes. Under laws so wise, hearts enjoyed security. Lovers did not love each other less sincerely, though the demonstrations of their affections were forbidden them in public. They might still employ the language of the eyes. The kiss was long confined to obscurity; but soon it advanced into broader light, and lost by its publicity the lively and powerful charm which mystery had bestowed upon it.

Cupid,

Cupid, as is well known, was driven from Olympus by the jealousy of Juno. He came to reside on the earth, and brought among mortals that unquiet spirit, and desire of rule, which was the cause of his banishment. He at first united himself to Hymen, his brother; but this union was not of long duration, as rivalry in empire was its only motive. Cupid found in the established manners a uniformity which he asserted must, in the end, produce languor. He loudly blamed that constraint which Modesty had imposed on Sentiment; which was only permitted to expand itself in the bosom of Mystery. This, said he, is an abuse, and Modesty does not understand her own interests. He then formed the design to rectify these customs, and introduce more easy manners.

This project threatened the empire of Modesty; but that was too solidly established to admit of a hope that it could be suddenly destroyed. It was founded on prepossession, which is not easily to be overcome when it has taken deep root. Mild and insinuating manners were the arms which Cupid employed: he had the art to persuade, and soon he formed a party.

The first shock which Modesty received was, when some husbands thought it no offence to decency to give kisses to their wives in presence of their friends. This practice appeared singular to those who remained faithfully attached to the old laws of Modesty. Novelties always give offence at first, especially when they appear to attack a prejudice. But reflexion suggested that it was certainly allowable for husbands and wives to love each other; and that it was unreasonable that their happiness should be confined to secresy. This was soon generally admitted to be true.

The kiss was, however, still the great support of Modesty, and it was of importance to her adversary to deprive her of it. Chance furnished Cupid with the means of effecting this. Chloe loved Daphnis, who adored her. The two lovers, seated under a beech-tree, had only Cupid for their witness. Their eyes, their lips, expressed all that their hearts inspired. But what could vouch for the fidelity of their mutual ardour?

A pledge was wanting which might give assurance of their sincerity. Cupid saw their embarrassment, and at the same instant perceived the Kiss which was on the wing to a married pair by order of Hymen. He stopped him, and directed him to repair to the two lovers. Chloe and Daphnis retained him with them as long as possible: they were too delighted with being able to give testimonies of their mutual love to suffer him to escape. But soon he left them to obey the commands of Cupid. It is even said, that, a short time after, he again attended Daphnis with Celimene.

The Kiss found the empire of Cupid less rigorous. Freed by him from the restrictions he had before been under, he became volatile and fugitive. In vain Hymen called him; he scarcely recognised his voice. In fine, instead of the servant he had been of Modesty, he became her most cruel persecutor, and insulted her in such a manner that she retired at his approach.

Soon the Kiss had no longer any fixed abode: wandering through the world, he obeyed the voice of the first who called him. Every one appropriated him, and rendered him subservient to his particu-

lar

lar views. Friendship made him the symbol of sincerity; Peace the seal of union; and Perfidy employed him as the veil to her black designs.

AURORA;

AN ALLEGORY.

[*From the German of Herder.*]

AURORA was complaining to the gods, that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them, and least by those who loudest sang her praises. 'Do not grieve about thy lot,' said the goddess of Wisdom: 'is it not the same as mine? And then,' continued she, 'look at those who slight thee, and at the rival whom they prefer. Behold them, as thou passest, floundering in the embrace of laziness, and decaying both in body and mind—and hast thou not friends, not adorers enow? The whole creation worships thee; all the flowers awake and clothe themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcomes thee, and seems intent wholly on varied arts to charm thy presence. The laborious boor and the industrious sage never disappoint thee; they quaff, from the cup which thou offerest, health and strength, repose and life: doubly pleased that they enjoy thee undisturbed and uninterrupted by the prating crowd of sleepy fools. Dost thou consider it as no blessing that the unworthy are never seen among thy admirers? To be worshipped without profanation is the highest prize of love among gods and men.'

Aurora blushed at her thoughtless murmurs. Let every beauty aspire to her fortune who equals her in purity and innocence.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[*From the Daily Advertiser.*]

MR. EDITOR,

A MOST extraordinary occurrence has lately happened to me. Returning home from 'change the other day, I was informed by the servant that my wife (with whom for thirty years I had lived in the most *quiescent* state imaginable, except now and then being rather *ruffled* on *washing-days)* had eloped. As my deary was rather remarkably drest, being in flaming yellow, with a pink parasol, I easily traced her, knowing her volubility, to the *Magpies* on Hounslow-Heath, where I was told that she and a rough-headed *puppy* had drunk tea. Pursuing my route, I heard at Maidenhead they had *slept in the same room.* Fired with indignation, I traced them to Newbury, where I heard (and which I firmly believed) that she *had combed her companion's head.* At Marlborough, the waiter said the lady and her associate were certainly very intimately connected, as they quarrelled incessantly. You may conceive my sensation on hearing this intelligence; but you cannot imagine my surprise, when, having followed them to Bath, I rushed into the room, and found that my wife had travelled post to afford her *lap-dog the benefit of the waters.*

Yours,

JEREMIAH HENPECK.

The

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 408.)

LETTER XLIII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

As inspired writers necessarily adorn the subject they discuss with peculiar force and beauty, Moses (the supposed author of the book of Job) has emphatically described the construction and habits of the hippopotamus, under the title of behemoth. This portion of Holy Writ clearly specifies the propensities of this wonderful animal, which obtained the name of hippopotamus from the circumstance of its voice resembling the neighing of a horse; as the word hippopotamus, in the Greek language, literally signifies a river horse, and consequently indicates the amphibious nature of this stupendous quadruped.

The distinctive marks of the hippopotamus genus are, four cutting teeth in each jaw; also two tusks in each mandible; and each hoof divided into four parts.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

This animal, next to the elephant, is the largest terraqueous quadruped that exists; the dimensions of the male are sometimes seventeen feet from the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the tail, which is only one foot long; the circumference of the body is nearly fifteen feet; the height nearly seven feet; the legs are about two feet ten inches long; the head is three feet and a half in length, and eight feet and a half in circumference; the aperture of the mouth is two feet four inches in length; and the largest teeth or tusks twenty-seven inches long. The female of this species is one third less in her dimensions than the male.

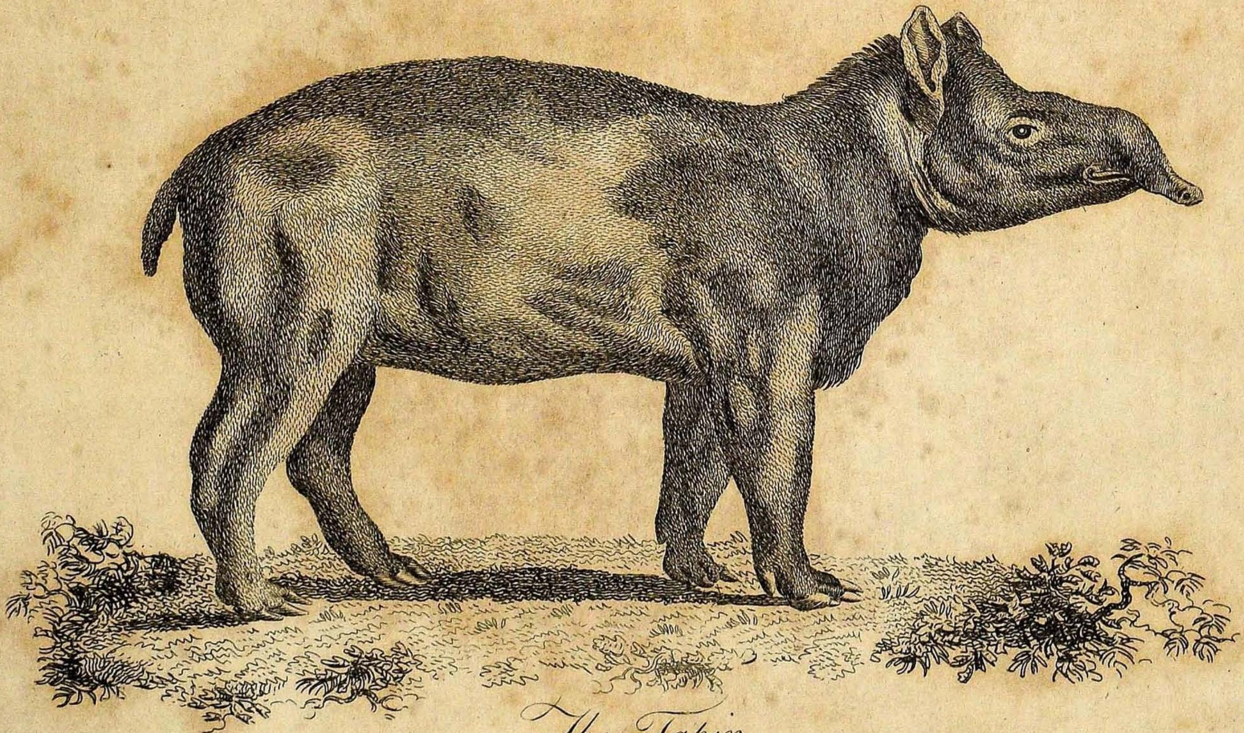
The hippopotamus has four cutting teeth in each jaw, and four tusks; two of the latter situated in the upper jaw are short, those in the lower mandible very long, and truncated in an oblique direction. The head is of an enormous size; the mouth extremely wide; the ears are small and pointed; the eyes and nostrils disproportionally minute to the bulk of the animal. On the lips there are some scattered tufts of strong hairs; the hair on the body is thin, of a whitish hue, and scarcely perceptible but on a close inspection. This animal has no mane, as some naturalists have asserted, but only a greater portion of hair on the neck than on any other part. The skin is of a dusky colour, and of so hard a texture as scarcely to be penetrated by a musket ball, except when it is wet. The tail is of a compressed construction and destitute of hair. The hoofs have four divisions, which are not connected by a membrane, notwithstanding the hippopotamus is of an amphibious nature. The canine teeth or tusks are of such a beautiful colour and hard texture, that they are preferred to ivory for many purposes: they have also the extraordinary quality of striking fire with steel; which probably gave rise to the erroneous opinion formed by the ancients, that the hippopotamus vomited fire.

This animal, notwithstanding he is endued with natural weapons of defence, and an extraordinary degree of strength, is nevertheless of a very harmless nature, and capable of being tamed. The cumbrous bulk of his body causes his movements to be slow. As he is amphibious, he swims with greater dexterity than he can walk or run; and

and lives equally on land and in the water. In the night he leaves the rivers he inhabits to graze; and in these migrations does great damage to the cultivated grounds, as he destroys vast quantities of sugar-canes, rice, millet, and various vegetable productions. He also feeds on the roots of trees, but never eats fish. As the hippopotamus is less courageous on land than in the water, he is easily intimidated; and, from his being unqualified to escape by flight, he takes refuge in his native aquatic element, and plunges to the bottom of the rivers, where he walks as much at his ease as if he was on dry and firm ground; but as he cannot remain long under water, he often rises to the surface. In the day-time he seldom ventures his head above his liquid abode, except in unfrequented rivers. In shallow streams he digs recesses to conceal his enormous body; and when he quits this asylum, he immerges with caution, and only ventures to look round in order to form an estimate of his safety. At some periods, however, he rushes forth with precipitation, and tramples on every thing that impedes his progress. When he is assaulted he oversets the boats that contain his pursuers, and destroys them and their vessels. As these animals are difficult to subdue, the hunters attack them with muskets, javelins, and harpoons; and, by repeated efforts, conquer them when their strength is exhausted by loss of blood. They are often taken in pitfalls. Their flesh is very tough, and of an unpleasant flavour; but the hide and teeth are converted to various useful purposes; and we are assured, by some authors, that the blood is used by the Indian painters as a beautiful tint. The voice of the hippopotamus is an intermediate cadence between the roaring of a bull and the braying of an elephant, which is heard at a great distance, but is interrupted by short frequent pauses. As these animals are of a gregarious nature, there is usually one male to a herd of females; the latter have one young one at a birth, which is brought forth on the reedy islands in the rivers they inhabit (on which they also sleep), but is suckled in the water. The supposed enmity between the crocodile and the hippopotamus appears, from the testimony of the most respectable authors, to be erroneous. This species inhabit the African rivers from the Berg to the Niger; they are not found in any of the African rivers connected with the Mediterranean-Sea, except the Nile, and there only in Upper Egypt. They also sometimes infest the Æthiopian fens and lakes. These animals are not so numerous as in ancient times; the modern inhabitants of Egypt being unacquainted with their properties, as their appearance is rare: they are also nearly extirpated in the rivers in the vicinage of the Cape of Good Hope; which has caused a prohibition of their being pursued, without the formality of legal permission from the governor of those districts.

Your ladyship, whose assiduous zeal prompts you to such positive proof of all important assertions, will no doubt revert to the book of Job, as the means of ascertaining how far the construction and habitudes of the behemoth agree with those ascribed to the hippopotamus, in which the local and corporeal circumstances appear perfectly to correspond. Asia and Africa were undoubtedly the first regions of the globe inhabited by the human race; and it is evident that in these climes animals

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Tapir.

animals are superior in size, intelligence, ferocity, and strength. On the New Continent (the southern parts of which are of a more similar temperament to Europe) quadrupeds of all denominations are on a smaller scale, and consequently afford a minute representation of the same genera. This declension may be gradually traced in almost every class of the brute tribes; and serves, amongst an infinitude of other proofs, to manifest the omnipotence of the Supreme Being. Respecting the blessings incident to the locality of our situation, we need only contemplate the distinguished mercy that our rivers are not infested with animals of such a cumbrous make as the hippopotamus, which would become noxious by obstructing commercial intercourse, and destroying the vegetable fruits of the earth. It has pleased the Divine Mercy that our rivers should be only stored with fishes pleasant to the eye, and grateful to the taste; and our forests inhabited by animals conducive to our nutriment and convenience. Thus has Providence liberally dispensed the means of preservation and support in their mildest forms; which, whilst they are sources of comfort, should operate as impulses to veneration and thankfulness. In this laudable tribute let me entreat your ladyship to join, and to accept the best wishes, and most sincere services, of your affectionate EUGENIA.

LETTER XLIV.

The same to the same.

THE tapiir, or tapir, which is the largest quadruped production found on the New Continent, from the circumstance of having ten cutting teeth in each jaw, forms a barrier between the ruminating tribes, and consequently becomes a distinct class. The characteristic marks of the tapiir genus are,—fore hoofs divided into three parts, and a kind of false hoof behind; the hind hoofs formed into three divisions.

THE LONG-NOSED TAPIIR.

This animal is about the size of a small cow, but has no horns. Its nose is slender, which, extending in the male far beyond the lower jaw, forms a kind of proboscis or trunk, capable of being extended or contracted as best suits the convenience of the animal, and the sides of which are sulcated or wrinkled. The female is destitute of this protuberance, and her jaws are of an equal length. It has ten cutting teeth in each jaw, and between them and the grinders is a void space. The ears are erect, oval, and bordered with white; the eyes are small; the body is of a porcine or hog-like form; the back arched; the legs are short; the hoofs small, of a concave construction and black hue; the tail is little; the hair on the body and limbs short. On the regions of the neck is a bristly mane an inch and a half high. The coat of a young animal of this species is spotted with white, that of adults uniformly of a dusky colour. This species are of an amphibious solitary nature, and inhabit the rivers and forests of the eastern regions of South-America, from the Isthmus of Darien to the River of Amazons. They sleep during the day, and rove through the woods in the night to seek food. They delight to dwell in the water; which causes them to resort to marshes, and never migrate far from the banks of rivers. It is remarkable that these animals, notwithstanding they pass so much of their time in the water, do not eat fish, and have not a carnivorous appetite, though their mouths are amply provided with teeth for the mastication

 of

of animal food. They subsist entirely on sugar-canes, grass, fruits, and vegetables. The tapiir is a harmless timid animal, who never molests any other creatures, and flees from the slightest appearance of danger. When he is alarmed or disturbed he takes refuge in the water, as he swims dexterously, and dives like the hippopotamus. He walks on the bottom of the river, where he seeks an asylum. Like most amphibious quadrupeds, the motion of the tapiir on land is less agile than in the water, he being on the former a slow and sluggish animal. His voice indicates a more ferocious nature, as it consists of a kind of hissing noise. He uses his nose or proboscis, as the rhinoceros does his upper lip, for the purpose of conveying his food to his mouth. The most usual attitude of the tapiir is sitting on the rump like the canine and many other species. The flesh of this animal is reported to be well-flavoured; and on that account, and its hide, the Indians shoot it with poisoned arrows. The skin is of so inflexible a texture that it has been known to resist a musket-ball; it therefore makes a durable leather, and consequently is converted into bucklers, and put to various other uses. As these animals are naturally gentle, they are capable of being tamed and subjugated to a domestic state. In Guiana they are kept in farm-yards with other harmless animals, and in this condition manifest not only tractability but attachment; as they know their master, distinguish those persons who supply them with food, indiscriminately take what is offered, and are so familiar that they will put their nose or proboscis into people's pockets to search for food. Notwithstanding these mild habitudes, these animals, if they are attacked, make obstinate resistance, and desperately wound, and sometimes kill, the dogs that venture to encounter them.

It may not be improper to inform your ladyship, that the tapiir has been often considered as an hippopotamus; which has occasioned many travellers to confound their properties, and thereby caused their history to become obscure. The slightest comparative sketch of their construction, propensities, and native locality, will ascertain the generic distinctions. Du Fresnoy, in his 'Art of reading History,' clearly proves, that a person should be perfectly scientific to comprehend the whole arcana of that useful branch of knowledge: it appears equally important, that travellers, who undertake to recite the various events and objects which in the course of their journeyings fall under their cognizance, should mark distinctions, and be well informed on the subject of their immediate contemplation. The creation is a treasury of wonders, in which we may trace the summit and abyss of perfection: in this exhaustless source we discover the non-entity of human consequence, and the supreme majesty of our divine Maker. The tapiir is the superior effort of nature in the animal genera manifested on the New Continent, and, from the similarity of form and manners, may be considered as the hippopotamus and rhinoceros of those regions, yet forms a distinct class. If there required any extraneous incitement to augment the admiration which naturally arises from the survey of the animal world, the consideration of the particular endowments of certain individual species would produce this laudable effect. In the ape genera we perceive some members furnished with prehensile tails, which are, from their general utility, like hands in the execution of certain offices: others, whose feet are so flexile and useful, that

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine August 1802.

Mutlow Sc. Russell Co.

PARIS DRESS.

that from hence the quadrupeds thus endued are properly termed *quadrimanus*. The squirrel also, and several other tribes, use their fore feet like hands; which gives them the appearance of a superior degree of dexterity. The produced upper lip of the rhinoceros, and the nose or proboscis of the tapiir, are eminent instances of animal perfection, that seem to elude the common evolutions of nature, and prepare the mind by regular gradations to contemplate the elephant as an animal of the most stupendous form and liberal endowments. In these several classes, and in all the brute genera, we may discern that every animated being is an epitome of corporeal and instinctive regularity; in their respective spheres of action each preserves its own station, and adheres uniformly to the allotted exercise of its various functions. Thus does the sustaining hand of Providence exert its influence for the common benefit of mankind, by dispensing universal blessings, and directing the impulses of instinct and the operations of reason to conspire in establishing the general order of the universe. That a constant sense of these benefits may produce a subdued will and uniform consistency, is the sincere wish of your ladyship's ever faithful friend

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

FILIAL AFFECTION;

AN ANECDOTE.

DURING the war of La Vendée, the duc de la Rochefoucault, condemned to die, as well as his daughter, found in the resources of that affectionate girl the means of concealing himself till a period arrived more favourable to that justice which he successfully claimed. His daughter's first care was to place him under the roof and protection of an artisan, who had formerly been a domestic in the duke's service, after which she procured an asylum for herself.

They were thus both secure from the immediate power of their persecutors; but as the duke's property was confiscated, and as compassion is apt to grow weary of its good offices, the means of their bare subsistence were soon worn out. While the daughter was suffering under extreme poverty, she learnt that her father's health was declining for want of due nourishment. She now saw no way but to devote her life to save her father's, and she instantly made the resolve.

A general of the republic at that very time was passing through the city in which was her place of concealment, and to him she wrote the following letter:

'CITIZEN GENERAL,

'WHEREVER the voice of nature is heard, a daughter may be allowed to claim the compassion of men in behalf of her father. Condemned to death at the same time with him who gave me being, I have successfully preserved him from the sword of the executioner, and have preserved myself to watch over his safety. But, in saving his life, I have not been able to furnish all that is necessary to support him. My unhappy father, whose entire property is confiscated, suffers at this moment the want of almost every thing. Without clothes, without bread, without friends to save him from perishing of want, he has not even the resource of the beggar, which still furnishes a little hope, that of being able to appeal to the compassionate,

sionate, and to present his white hairs to those that might be moved to give him aid. My father, if he be not speedily succoured, will die in his place of concealment; and thus, after snatching him from a violent death, I shall have to sustain the mournful reflexion of having betrayed him to one more lingering and painful—that of dying of cold and hunger.

'Be the judge, citizen general, of the extent of my misfortune, and own that it is worthy of pity. One resource only is left to me—it is to cast myself on your generosity. I offer you my head: I undertake to go, and to go willingly to the scaffold; but give immediate succour to my dying father. Below I give you the name of my place of concealment; there I will expect death with pleasure, if I may promise myself that you will be touched with my prayers, and will relieve my old and destitute parent.'

The soldier had no sooner read this letter than he hastened to the asylum of mademoiselle Rochefoucault, and not only relieved her father, but secretly protected both; and, after the 9th Thermidor, procured the restoration of M. de Rochefoucault's property by a revision of their sentence.

ANECDOTE.

[*From Madame de Genlis' 'Souvenirs de Felicie.'*]

DURING the early part of the reign of Lewis XV. the young count de Thiars was at Fontainebleau with the court; he was lodged in an apartment of the palace under that of madame de Mailly, who was not at that time the declared mistress of the king: she was not then even suspected of having an intrigue with him. The funnel of the chimney of the count de Thiars's room opened into that of madame de Mailly's, so that what was spoken near the fire-place in the lower room could easily be heard in the room above. One night the count de Thiars was retiring rather late to bed, and going along the corridor, he met the count de Bissy, his brother, who walked with him to his room. It was the latter end of autumn, and the night was cold: the two brothers drew near the fire, and began to converse about the king, whose character they treated with the utmost severity. Their conversation was, however, suddenly interrupted by a dreadful voice, roaring down the chimney—'Hold your tongues, insolent wretches!' It was the king's voice.—The two brothers remained for some moments silent and motionless; they gave themselves up for lost.—When the first moments of surprise and terror were past, they began to consult about the means of securing their safety: at last they agreed that they must wait the event with patience and courage.—They went, pale and trembling, to the king's levee next morning, expecting at least to be sent to the Bastille. The king looked at them with great sternness. Before this period the two brothers had been great favourites with the king.—From that time till the period of his death, which was thirty years afterwards, he never spoke to them, or took the least notice of them: they obtained no favours from the court, but never experienced any other mark of the king's displeasure.

Character *and* Manners *of the* Walachians.

[*From 'Travels in the Crimea, by a Secretary to the Russian Embassy from Petersburg to Constantinople.'*]

THOUGH Walachia, no more than other southern countries, has escaped the invasions and inundations of barbarous nations, yet the Roman name and language have ever been preserved in it. The inhabitants still call themselves Romans. The name of Walachians is without doubt a Sclavonian name adopted by the Turks. The present Walachians being a mixture of several nations, their language also is mixed with a quantity of terms, so much disfigured, that it is very often quite impossible to trace their origin. Each barbarous nation has left in it some of its own language, and a most disgusting jargon is the result of the whole together. Meanwhile, the Roman language has finally been paramount; but without experiencing a better fate in Walachia than in the other countries in which it formerly prevailed; it is even much more corrupted in Walachia than in most other places.

The Walachians are in general tall, well built, robust, and of a very wholesome complexion. Diseases are very rare amongst them; and the plague, though so frequent in Turkey, has never been known in Walachia, excepting in times of war, when this disease is brought among them by the troops who come from Asia.

It is melancholy to consider, that so beautiful and fertile a country, situate in so fine a climate, and inhabited by beings of this description, should be so thinly peopled. I am persuaded that the country is capable of subsisting five or six times more inhabitants than it at present contains. Its population, far from increasing, has been diminishing for a great number of years; the principal reasons for which are easily conceived:—the despotic government of the Turks; the taxes which the hospodar is obliged to levy on the country, to be enabled to pay the annual tribute, and to buy powerful friends at the court of the grand-signior; the tyrannical manner of collecting these taxes; the oppressions of the boyards, who take revenge on their vassals for the sovereign contempt with which they are treated by the Turks; the frequent wars in which the Porte has been engaged, the consequences of which have been so sensibly felt by Walachia, and of which it has often been the theatre; the barbarities and cruelties exercised by the soldiery in times of war; the plague itself, which frequently follows in their train;—this combined multitude of destructive evils, any single one of which is sufficient to lay waste and depopulate the most flourishing country, contributes in equal portions to diminish the number of the inhabitants of this province, and every day to increase their emigration. The wise and benevolent policy of their neighbours receives them with open arms; and Transylvania, in particular, has derived many advantages from these forced or voluntary emigrations of the inhabitants, who in the similarity of the soil, manners, and language of Transylvania, acknowledge a second country, and a government less subject to such fatal revolutions.

The manners of the Walachians, as far as I have been able to judge of them, are simple, and neither embellished nor sullied by art. They have pretty closely imitated the Turks, their masters, for the most part adopting their dress and modes of living. Temperate in their repasts, they prefer vegetables to fruits,

fruits, and fruits to the most delicate meats. Their houses, as I believe I have already mentioned, are built and arranged in the Turkish manner, particularly those of the boyards and persons of fortune. It is very unusual to see panes of glass in the windows of the houses in Walachia; the bladders of pigs being used as a substitute for it. The rooms inhabited by the women have always this kind of windows; for the Walachians, as well as the Turks, conceal their women, and exert the utmost care to hide them from the curious observation of strangers; which consequently renders gallantry a question of greater difficulty and refinement in each of these countries. Their virtues and their vices bear strong resemblance to each other. The Walachians, like the Turks, are very hospitable among themselves, but reserved towards strangers. Hospitality is the more necessary in Walachia, as there are very few, if any, public inns to be found in it: it is therefore much to be wished that this virtue became a general practice.

The Walachians are very fond of wine. They are an idle and covetous, but, upon the whole, respectable people. If there are any common cheats among them, they almost always prove to be Armenians, Greeks, or Jews, who, as well here as every where else, excel in the means of enriching themselves at the expense of others.

What I have just said of the moral character of the Walachians, and of their manners and customs, should be understood to extend only to the largest portion of this nation; for their persons of distinction, their courtiers, and their wealthy inhabitants, wholly imitate the Turks, and perfectly resemble them, with the exception only of the unavoidable difference which always results where the religion is not the same. The Walachians, as well as the Moldavians, follow the Greek ritual, but are as ignorant in matters of religion as in all other useful knowledge. And this is not surprising:—an illiterate mind, unaccustomed to every kind of reflexion, cannot possibly escape superstition. It attaches itself to external ceremonies, and blindly believes what falsehood is interested to impose. Phantoms, sorcerers, demons, and a thousand other absurdities engendered by credulity and ignorance, and despised by enlightened nations, preserve their whole empire in Walachia. So long as the Walachians shall be no better instructed, and so long as they have no books of merit, it cannot be expected that this people can escape being permanently immersed in their present state of ignorance and darkness. They have in general no books among them, except such as relate to their public worship, written half in the Greek and half in the Sclavonic character, and for the most part printed either in Poland or in Transylvania. The priests themselves are absolutely destitute of erudition or knowledge, the whole circle of their science extending no further than their being able to read and write.

The history of the human mind is every where the same. The first age of any people is an age of barbarism and superstition. Philosophy arrives with slow and tardy steps in the rear of luxury and public wealth, and thus delivers nations from the fetters which ignorance, imposition, and policy, had imposed upon them in early ages, and which the genial climate of a more enlightened age never fails to dissolve. It will be long yet before the age of illumination reaches the borders of Walachia.

Character and Manners of the Moldavians.

[From the same.]

LET us now say a few words on the manners of the Moldavians.

'Take away,' says prince Kantemir, in the description he has published of Moldavia, 'take away from this people their orthodoxy in religion and their love of hospitality, and very little can be said in their commendation.'

The Moldavians, in common with other nations, have their faults and their virtues; these last are less prevalent amongst them, because their want of education leaves them little facility to acquire them, and because they possess no other means than those bestowed by nature to become virtuous.

Haughtiness and pride appear to be born with the Moldavian. If he happens to have a good horse and excellent arms, he believes himself the first of men; and, during his paroxysm of vanity, he would declare war against the most formidable potentate of the universe. The Moldavian is in general audacious, daring, and quarrelsome; but he is appeased with the same facility as he is offended. The manner in which the peasants and even the soldiers fight among each other is by blows with the fist and stick. Whoever should have recourse to the sword to settle his quarrel would be severely punished by the laws of the country. The Moldavians are in general very jocose, and with difficulty suppress their pleasantry when furnished with a subject for it. Sentiments of animosity are as soon extinguished with them as those of friendship. They are naturally inclined to drunkenness; and sometimes pass whole days in drinking, particularly at festivals, or during the time of inclement weather. Soldiers are almost the only persons who drink brandy; or if on any particular occasion the Moldavians allow themselves to drink it, they limit themselves to a small glass before their meals. The inhabitants of Lower Moldavia and those of the frontier of Walachia are passionately fond of wine. A question arose one day, whether the Moldavian or the Walachian was the best drinker? The persons concerned in the wager met on the bridge at Fokschany, which separates Moldavia from Walachia. They pursued their enterprise, till at length a Walachian fell dead on the spot, suffocated by the quantity of wine he had drunk. The Moldavians were compensated for the victory they had gained, by letters of nobility bestowed upon them by the hospodar.

The men handle the bow, and lanch the javelin, with the greatest dexterity. They almost always wear a sword by their side, and none but sportsmen carry guns. The Moldavians consider as cowardice the using this destructive weapon against an enemy. They go to the attack with infinite intrepidity; but their petulance becomes more moderate when they are obliged to return to the charge, to which no consideration can induce them, when they have been twice driven back. After the example of the Tartars, they sometimes feign to fly from the thick of the fight, in order to draw the enemy after them, and by this stratagem to wrest from him a victory of which he believed himself secure. They sometimes manifest themselves to be very cruel, and sometimes full of clemency, when they are victorious; but if their enemy is a Turk or Tartar, they consider it as an act of religion to kill him immediately, and he among them who was weak enough to spare him

him would be regarded as a traitor and an unbeliever.

Moderation is a virtue unknown to the Moldavians. They are haughty in prosperity, and effeminate and cowardly in adversity. Nothing appears a task to them on the first view; but if they experience the least difficulty, or the most trivial resistance, they are instantly discouraged, and no longer know what step to resolve on.

The Moldavians are not only unaddicted to the sciences, but they even hate every thing which any way relates to them, and are ignorant even of the name of the fine arts and *belles lettres*. They believe that science destroys the exercise of reason; and when they speak of a learned person, they say, that *the confusion of subjects he has assembled in his mind has rendered him insane. 'Study,'* add they, *'is only suitable for priests. It is not necessary for a layman to know any thing more than to read and write, to sign his name, or make a memorandum if his ox, his horse, or his sheep, be black or white; all other knowledge is superfluous.'*

The Moldavians, as well as the Walachians, are in general robust and well built. One quality among these people, which might be of great advantage to military politics, is, that they are good soldiers, and perform the military exercise with surprising agility and address. A remarkable circumstance among all nations is, that what they learn with the greatest facility is the art of murdering their fellow-creatures. The inhabitants of Lower Moldavia, through their long habit of being in a state of war with the Tartars, understand the business of arms better than the rest of their countrymen. They are also more restless; and when they have no enemies to combat against, they not unfrequently revolt against their chiefs, and even against the hospodar himself. They are extremely ignorant on every subject relating to religion. They believe in predestination; and pretend that the author of all things has predetermined the term of the career of every individual, and that nothing can either prolong or abridge its duration. They are so impressed with this idea, that they plunge into the heat of a battle without once reflecting on the probable consequences. The inhabitants of Upper Moldavia, being less accustomed to the use of arms, possess a more tranquil character. They carry their attachment to all the forms of their religion to absolute fanaticism: of consequence a great number of churches exist in these districts, to say nothing of the convents and hermitages with which the mountains are filled. The hospodar has always found in these Moldavians very faithful subjects; and, when any troubles have occurred in the country, they have been excited by the barons and boyards of Lower Moldavia.

The Moldavians are far from considering the assassination of a Turk, Armenian, or Jew, as contrary to the laws of society. In general, they are not addicted to theft: however, those in the neighbourhood of Tartary ravage without scruple, and particularly the Tartars, considering that they only take what belongs to themselves; whilst these Tartars, on the contrary, have stolen what they possess either from their parents, or even from some of themselves.

The dress of the peasants consists of a long robe of coarse grey cloth, close-bodied, and with large sleeves. The citizens, merchants, and boyards, wear the pelisse, as I have already mentioned. This dress, which is easy and very large, does not

not constrain their limbs or joints. Riding on horseback is the only exercise they are fond of; and, during the fine season, it is very common to see their youth exert themselves in lanching the *djerid* or *girit*, after the manner of the Turks.

The young noblemen destined for places, whether in the court of the hospodar or the provinces, learn the Latin, French, and Italian languages; but very few of them are tolerably versed in them. The morality of the priests, and the philosophy of Aristotle, are the only sources of knowledge they possess.

The character of the Walachians is in general more lively than that of the Moldavians; they have also more intellect and courage. They exercise hospitality with equal pleasure and avidity; and, notwithstanding their narrow circumstances, occasioned as much by the ravages of war as by the vicinity of the Tartars, who pillage them unmercifully, they never refuse to receive at their houses any stranger that asks of them an asylum. They even furnish both them and their horses, during three days, with every necessary accommodation, without receiving any recompense in return. The inhabitants of Waslui are the only exceptions to this eagerness of hospitality. These latter not only shut their doors to strangers, but even dress themselves in rags, and at first sight of a traveller go out to meet him to ask alms.

The Moldavian and Walachian women are in general tolerably handsome: they have a fair complexion, but are for the most part pale. Very few of them have light hair; but a great number have light brown hair, and black eyes fringed with long eye-lashes, and full of fire and vivacity. The dress of the wealthy women is a kind of long gown without folds, which hangs on the body, and is fastened with a belt under the breast, so as to exhibit that charming appendant of female beauty with every advantage to the curious eye of beholders. To this robe they add a pelisse, which they always put on when they go out, even in summer. The female peasants, who have not the means of procuring this robe and pelisse, content themselves with a chemise, ornamented with work on the shoulders, and a coarse linen apron, which they tie round the waist like a sash, and which descends as low as the calf of the leg. It is considered a breach of the rules of decency for a married woman or widow to suffer her hair to be seen; and it would be the greatest affront that could be offered to her to uncover her head in public. The young girls, on the contrary, would consider it dishonourable to cover their heads even with a simple veil, intending by this to give a high idea of their virtue and chastity. They twist their hair into tresses, sometimes letting it fall over their shoulders, or sometimes fastening it in the form of a helmet. They frequently add to this head-dress tufts of diamonds or flowers. The female peasants dress their hair simply, and form a sort of crown with it on the top of their heads.

Though the women in this country are not so vigilantly watched as among the Turks, they however very seldom quit their houses or show themselves in public, this being a licence enjoyed only by the lower orders of people. The ladies are accused of being fond of wine. I have, notwithstanding, always heard that sobriety is one of the virtues on the observance of which they pique themselves, and that this quality adds to the degree of esteem of which they are so tenacious. They eat as it were in secret; and they carry their attention to this object

so far, that it is almost impossible to see their teeth when they are eating.

The fair sex of this country are singularly addicted to love; many instances of this occurred during the residence of the Russian troops in Moldavia and Walachia. Every soldier, as well as every officer, had his mistress, and all the women deserted their families to follow these conquerors of the Turks. Adultery, however, is very rare among the Moldavians. Unmarried youths do not consider it a breach of decency to indulge themselves during celibacy in secret amours; and it is common for their parents to say to them, 'My son, take care never to steal, or to commit murder, because we have not the means of rescuing thee from the gallows; but thy life will never be in danger from an affair of gallantry, provided thou hast sufficient to pay the tschugubinate;' or, in other words, the bawd, male or female.

The character of the women in these two provinces is mildness itself. The slaves of their parents, their husbands, and even of their lovers, the Moldavian and Walachian women acknowledge no other law, no other supreme will, than that of the men. The husband speaks, and the wife approaches him tremblingly, kisses his hand, and demands pardon. I do not know of any female, with the exception perhaps of the princesses, who can read or write. The Greeks pretend in this respect, that women should know no more than what their husbands choose to teach them.

PAMROSE;
OR,
The PALACE *and the* COTTAGE:
A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 435.)

IN the mean time the child swallowed with avidity the pure nourishment which restored her to existence. All who were witnesses of this interesting scene contemplated it in silence, with a surprise mingled with the most tender emotion, and a kind of enthusiasm; except the unwieldy lady of honour, who continued in the calash fanning herself peevishly, and seeing nothing of what passed; for the pages, the old courtier, and the domestics, who surrounded the princess, entirely concealed her from her view.

Who can describe the delightful feelings of the unfortunate mother and the princess when they saw the child revive, move, and restored to its former animated complexion? In about half a quarter of an hour, the infant, satisfied and strengthened, quitted the breast of Amelia, looked up in her face, and smiled.

The princess shed tears of joy, gave the child a maternal kiss, and then rising, 'Let us return immediately,' said she, 'to the palace, in order to procure for this poor woman the assistance of which she is in need. We will take her with us in the calash.'

At these words the heyduke, supporting the poor woman, followed the princess, who carried in her arms the child, and got into the carriage, placing the peasant by the side of her, to the great astonishment of the lady of honour, who was much offended at being obliged to yield the front seat to a woman who appeared so poor and wretched. The old courtier mounted on the box with the coachman, and thus they set out for the palace.

The baroness of Klakenberg (such was the name of the lady of honour) was most profoundly attached to ceremony and etiquette. She thought that no circumstance in life could dispense with their being observed in public; and she esteemed this rule of conduct so perfect, that she judged it sufficient for the forming

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ing of the mind, the manners, and the sentiments of princes and nobles: an idea which greatly simplifies the education of the individuals of these two classes; but it is an idea not so new as profound; a great number of tutors and professors of education had entertained it a long time before the baroness of Klakenberg, though the latter attributed to herself all the honour of it in the little court of ****.

The astonishment of the baroness was infinitely increased when she learned that the princess Amelia had herself suckled the infant of the poor woman—'*That is, certainly, very singular!*' was the only reflexion she made when she heard it. The carriage arrived at the palace. The poor woman was there hospitably entertained, and provided with an excellent bed when she retired to rest. A female servant of the palace was appointed to look after the child; and the princess, when she had fulfilled all these duties of humanity, retired to her own apartment, where she saw with a more lively pleasure than ever her own infant in the cradle.

'I have just saved,' said she, 'a child from death; God shall preserve to me all my children.'

The infant who slept awaked crying. Amelia took him on her knees, and giving him the breast he sought—'O my child!' continued she, 'I have made thee share thy nourishment with an unfortunate being. I would wish to believe that this action is the presage of what thou wilt most willingly do when thou shalt be able to understand the complaints of the indigent. It was thee, my son, I thought I saw in this dying child: it was thou who pleaded with me in her behalf.'

As the gentle Amelia pronounced these words, looking with delight on her infant, the prince her husband, returning from hunting, entered her chamber. This prince was what is called *a good prince;* that is to say, he was neither insolent nor haughty. In the streets and in the country he took off his hat to all the common people who saluted him. In his palace he talked familiarly with his courtiers, and never failed to be polite to the ladies. In fine, he smiled almost always, frequently laughed aloud, and all who knew him concurred in praising his extreme goodness. This so much vaunted goodness, however, never displayed itself in any other manner. This good prince gave nothing away, loved no person, never read, hunted much, and passed every day five or six hours at table. When his favourite, count Seckendorf, indeed, advised him to do a good action, which very rarely happened, he did not refuse. Then all the German gazettes eagerly contended which should loudest celebrate the beneficence and popularity of his most serene highness; who, perfectly satisfied with the great character he had acquired, sincerely believed that he possessed all the qualities that could render a prince illustrious.

The virtuous Amelia had no influence over the mind of her husband, who did not approve that she should suckle her own; for the count of Seckendorf and the baroness of Klakenberg both considered it as very strange that a sovereign princess should be a nurse. It would have been in vain to have cited to them the example of queen Blanche, the mother of St. Louis; the ancient practices of an age so barbarous could never be proper to be proposed as models. Queen Blanche, it is true, knew how to govern a kingdom, she did not ill educate her son, and possessed both virtue and talents. But she was in fact only a devotee; besides, she wore a fardingale and pockets; she was

was neither a *Greek* nor a *philosophress;* and as to understanding and merit, who would compare her to our *states-women,* who have weighed in their wisdom all the different forms of government, and who are equally great politicians, profound metaphysicians, admirable tacticians, and even *prophets?* for, did they not prophesy, when our enemies were conquered on every side, that we should at last triumph over them? When Bonaparte had subjected all Italy, did they not predict that he would again beat the Austrians? And when Bonaparte had restored tranquillity, offered peace to his enemies, and recalled the fugitives, did they not prophesy that this hero would save France, and that all parties would join to admire, bless, and love him?—These certainly are prophecies which, if they are not very extraordinary, have at least been exactly fulfilled*.

But let us return to the princess Amelia. She related, with simplicity, to her husband the adventure which had happened to her. The prince, who seldom formed a judgment without assistance, knew not what to think on this occasion. He left the princess and went to the baroness of Klakenberg, certain of there finding his favourite, who had come to visit her every evening, at the same hour, for twenty years past. The prince spoke of the account he had received from his lady; and was told that the poor woman was dying, and that the princess had committed an act of great imprudence in suckling the no doubt unhealthy infant of a dying woman. The prince knitted his brows, and ordered that the professor Gottingen, who was his physician, should be sent for. At this order the baroness made a sign of great approbation, and the count observed that it was in fact indispensably necessary that an able physician should be consulted. The prince, extremely proud of having, of himself, conceived this luminous idea, repeated several times, with a significant air, that he would make the professor explain himself explicitly on this subject. This was not proposing a very easy thing; for the professor Gottingen, a mysterious and taciturn pretender to profound knowledge, scarcely ever spoke but in monosyllables, and, however earnestly pressed, never answered but with great ambiguity. He came and listened to the prince with an air of attention and consternation, and, after some minutes' meditation, declared, that it would be necessary, in the first place, to examine the poor woman, her child, and the milk of the princess. All this was done. The princess received from her husband a severe reprimand. The professor prescribed for her, that she should take two or three phials of a syrup of his composition, and wean the young prince, then only eight months old. Amelia promised whatever was required of her; but, when she found herself alone, she threw the syrup out of the window, and continued to suckle her child in secret during three or four months.

The poor woman, whose child the princess had saved, however, died at the end of two days; which gave occasion to great eulogiums on the prudence of the physician, whose drugs, it was said, had no doubt preserved the princess from a fearful malady. It was added that it was extremely fortunate that the young prince had been weaned; for the professor did not conceal that the milk

* It appears, from this very *delicate* flattery, that though the authoress can satirise the practices of courts, she cannot entirely divest herself of the habits acquired in them. EDITOR.

milk of the princess had become an absolute poison. The little daughter of the deceased woman was, however, in most excellent health; but the professor gave those about him to understand that there was in her blood a scorbutic and scrophulous humour, which would manifest itself sooner or later.

Amelia had learned by the questions she had put to the mother of the child, that she dwelt in a wretched cottage near Bingen, where her husband had been sick and confined to his bed for two months. The princess had sent him assistance; and, three days after the death of the woman, she resolved to go herself and visit this unhappy peasant. The prince had set out to take his favourite diversion of the chace; and Amelia, accompanied only by the baron de Largans, an aged nobleman for whom she had the greatest respect, and a chamber-maid in whom she reposed confidence, mounted in a small calash, and repaired to Bingen.

The peasant, whose name was Herman, had learned the death of his wife two days before. Amelia found him still very ill, and plunged in the deepest affliction. Herman was a man of about thirty years of age, of a generous heart, a good understanding, and an original character. He was the son of a rich merchant of Mentz, had received a regular education, and prosecuted his studies to the age of eighteen; but his father then became a bankrupt, and soon after died. Young Herman, finding himself without any resource, enlisted as a soldier, and served ten years, with distinction, in the armies of the king of Prussia. At the end of that time, having obtained his discharge, he married a young woman of Silesia, with whom he returned to his native country. He bought a small cottage, and two acres of land, near Bingen; but bad years, troubles, and sickness, had reduced him to the most extreme indigence. His wretched wife, having been two days without food, resolved to have recourse to the princess; and, not being able to continue her journey, must have perished with her child on the bank of the Rhine, had it not been for the beneficence of Amelia.

'I come to make you a proposal,' said the princess to the unfortunate Herman. 'I seem to have become the mother of the child which has received from me the maternal succour that has preserved its life. I will bring her up, and undertake to procure her an establishment suitable to the education I shall give her.'

At these words Herman sighed, and, after a moment's silence, answered—'She belongs to you, madam; but for you, she would no longer exist. I ought to give her up to you: besides, what can I do for her?'

'No, Herman,' replied the princess, 'I do not wish that your necessities should compel you to consent to this sacrifice. I will secure to you a pension which, in your situation, will place you at ease. Whether you keep or give up to me your daughter, this pension is yours, and here is the payment for the first year in advance. I will besides take care that your habitation shall be properly repaired, and furnished with every thing necessary. I will likewise enlarge your little farm; and, if you prefer keeping your daughter, I promise you to give her a portion when she shall be of age to be married.—Now choose.'

Amelia, as she pronounced these words, laid a purse on a wooden stool that stood near her, while Herman fixed his eyes on her, which overflowed with tears.

'Well,

'Well, then,' said Amelia, much affected, 'you do consent to leave her to me?'

'Ah, madam!' replied Herman, 'bestow on her your virtues; that will be the greatest of benefactions. But,' continued he, 'permit me not to accept the pension.'

'Why would you refuse it?'

'Because, madam, it is not proper that you should protect an idle person. It is worthy of you to succour one who is unfortunate, and who has not merited his fate, but it ought to be only by furnishing him with the means to resume his labours.'

The princess, at once surprised and delighted at the language of Herman, questioned him with that lively interest which so promptly inspires confidence. Herman related to her his history; and, after a long conversation, it was resolved, notwithstanding the generous opposition of Herman, not that he should have a pension, for that he peremptorily refused, but that he should keep the purse of money, that his cottage should be repaired and furnished, and that he should have two or three cows, and three or four more acres of ground.

The princess had some very valuable ear-rings which had been her mother's. These she sold for ten thousand livres, and with the money repaired the little fortune of Herman, who some months after found himself the possessor of a good house, a large yard, a meadow, a field of corn, and a well-stocked garden. Amelia, when she saw plenty and peace where she had before only beheld indigence and despair, and when she received the blessings of an honest and grateful man, said to herself with the most heart-felt delight—'All this is the produce of those clumsy ear-drops which only hurt my ears. Oh! can there be any woman so abject, so unnatural, as to prefer, to the happiness I feel, the childish pleasure of wearing such trumpery gewgaws?'

No—let us not calumniate human nature—no: almost all women, in the situation in which Amelia spoke, would have thought like her. But there are few who expose themselves to the trial. When we have not diamonds we wish to have them; when we have them we keep them. We are harsh and selfish from habit, from forgetfulness, from ignorance. To love any object it is necessary to have a knowledge of it; if we so commonly prefer frivolity to beneficence, it is principally for want of having made essays in virtue.

In the mean time the daughter of Herman, in despite of the predictions of professor Gottingen, continued in the most vigorous health; and her beauty and sprightliness were unequalled. As soon as she was three years old, Amelia took her under her own immediate care, and called her Pamrose. All this was very much criticised in the company which resorted to the baroness de Klakenberg's.—'*What will be done with this little girl?—What is to become of this little girl?*' repeated the baroness, shrugging up her shoulders.

While the conduct of Amelia was thus judiciously disapproved, that amiable princess continued to follow her benevolent inclinations, without regarding what might be said or thought of her. She was the mother of two boys, the one of the age of Pamrose, the other, named Frederic, aged twelve years. The latter, notwithstanding all the representations of Amelia, was already excessively spoiled. The prince his father conceived it became his dignity to disdain, in this respect, the good advice of Amelia.—'I wish,' he would say, 'that my sons should be brought

brought up according to my principles;' and yet on this subject he had neither principles nor ideas. He took not the least part in the education of his children; but for that relied entirely on the tutor of Frederic, whom he never asked a single question concerning his pupil. The tutor had the same confidence in the sub-tutor; and the latter placed precisely the same reliance on an ignorant and flattering *valet-de-chambre,* who was in fact the only tutor to the young prince.

Amelia had made the rock on which she found the mother of Pamrose dying a kind of consecrated place. She had built, at about a hundred paces from it, a cottage in the midst of a small meadow, in which she placed two cows. The cottage was given to an honest and poor family of peasants pensioned by the princess, and charged by her every day to visit the rock, and in case they found there any poor fatigued travellers to present them with a vessel full of milk. The good and feeling Herman obtained from Amelia permission to plant by the side of the elm that overshadowed the rock a cypress and a rose-bush, the affecting emblem of Pamrose and her mother. This place was called *the Rock of Hospitality.*

Pamrose, brought up in the love of her virtuous father, went frequently to see him; and the least agreeable time of her life was not that which she passed in the cottage of Herman. The latter had an elder brother, who, having made a small fortune in business, had returned from England two years before; and who, devoting himself to agriculture, like Herman, had bought, in his neighbourhood, a handsome farm, to which he had retired with his family, consisting of a wife and two children, a daughter of the age of Pamrose, and a son some years older. Pamrose never played in the palace with the young princes, or with the daughters of the ladies of the court, whose mothers forbade them to make themselves so familiar with the child of a peasant; she therefore frequently found herself very dull and mopish in a sumptuous and splendid parlour: but, received with open arms in the cottage by her father, and her cousin William and his sister, who gave her flowers, fruits, and cakes, and who played with her with equal sprightliness and willingness, she thought, very naturally, without any reasoning philosophical or moral, that people are much more happy in a cottage than in a palace; and this manner of thinking strengthened as she advanced in age. When Pamrose had attained her fourteenth year, her benefactress, by whom she was tenderly beloved, frequently confided to her her private cares and disquietudes relative to her children. Pamrose, whose understanding equalled her sensibility, easily perceived that Amelia was not a more happy wife than she was a mother. She compared the situation of this charming princess with that of her aunt, the sister-in-law of Herman, who, beloved by her husband and her children, presented to her every day, in the midst of her family, the picture of the most pure felicity; and she said to herself in secret:—'No, happiness dwells not in sumptuous edifices; to shun the eyes and the envy of the vulgar, she has retired with innocence and simplicity under the humble roof of the peaceful husbandman.'

Pamrose was never present at the ceremonies and festivals of the court, but was sometimes seen in the parties of the princess. Her beauty already attracted every eye. To a most elegant figure she added the most charming graces and pleas-

ing and useful accomplishments. She had never seen her father but on a visit; because all her mornings were employed in receiving the lessons of her different masters: but when she attained the age of fifteen, and more rarely took lessons—since, being fond of reading and the arts, she could employ herself alone with advantage—she obtained from Amelia permission to go every week and pass two or three days with her father. Herman had fitted up with the utmost neatness, simplicity, and even elegance, a small apartment adjoining to his own, in which were a piano-forte, a harp, and some books. When Pamrose came to the cottage, she left at the palace her fine dresses and her trinkets, only retaining the locket in which was the portrait of Amelia. She divested herself of all the ornaments of luxury, and put on a peasant's jacket, a white petticoat, and a straw hat; and her figure, far from losing, appeared evidently to have gained by the change; for, if she was charming in her fashionable habiliments, she was unequalled in her rustic attire. No peasant-girl could rival her in the delicacy of her complexion, the whiteness of her hands, or the grace of her manners. She was a shepherdess of Virgil or Gessner. At her father's she always found the whole family assembled, who had met together to receive her; her uncle, her aunt, her cousin Anna, and her cousin William, who was then twenty years of age. Herman felt towards this young man the sentiments of a father, and particularly attended to his education, communicating to him the knowledge he had himself acquired. William was industrious; he tilled the ground, but at the same time cultivated his mind by reading instructive books, especially during the long evenings of winter. He had a tolerable knowledge of music, like all the peasants of Germany; and, like the greater part of them, he played on the flute with accuracy and taste. He never failed, when he expected Pamrose, to gather almost all the flowers in his father's garden, and bring them to his uncle's, to ornament with them the chamber of his cousin; and, as he likewise knew that Pamrose was fond of birds, he had made in the garden of Herman a very pretty kind of aviary. In fine, William was attentive; he was a youth of gentle manners, had an interesting countenance, and possessed a heart pure and of exquisite sensibility. Pamrose loved William, and the good and amiable Anna, as if she had been their sister. Accustomed from her earliest infancy to consider her cousin as her brother, she never felt, when with him, that kind of timidity which she experienced in the company of other youths of the same age. But William for some time had manifested more reserve and less sprightliness: Pamrose, however, did not perceive it, because he always showed the same complaisance and attention to her. Pamrose always came to the cottage on a Saturday, in order to pass there the whole of the day dedicated to rest. On the Sunday she went to church, both in the morning and the afternoon; for the people of the fashionable world, even the most pious, do not imagine how real a pleasure the villagers find in fulfilling these religious duties. Men will always be happy in finding themselves together when they can think that it is at once the same sentiment and the same opinion which assembles them: they then see each other with a benevolence and an interest which equally satisfy their hearts and their self-love; and this is rarely met with, except in a vil-

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lage-church. Besides, the parish-church is in itself an interesting object in the eyes of the rustic. There he received the first lessons of virtue; there is the altar at which he was married; there he saw his infants baptised; there he chanted at the desk with so much pleasure; there he comes to pray with faith; there he finds hope and consolation amid all his labours and all his poverty.

We may become disgusted with those pleasures which austere morality disapproves, but we cannot be weary of those which we consider as sacred duties, and recollect as good actions. The pomp of religious ceremonies elevates the soul of the peasant, and delightfully occupies his leisure. The great festivals of the year are the epochs of his life. The children, crowned with roses, who follow numerous processions, the mothers and old men who view them, the young girls who adorn the altars with flowers, and meet to sing the Christmas hymns, experience more lively emotions than can be inspired by those profane festivals we so hastily and presumptuously wished to substitute in their stead.

Modern philosophers, have you well considered these truths? I believe, not; but the friends of humanity ought to give them their attention.

Pamrose, when she left the cottage to return to the palace, was always accompanied by William and Anna; but William, for more than a year, would no longer go to the palace. Without assigning any reason for this caprice, he would always stay at the *Rock of Hospitality;* and his sister Anna, who went on with Pamrose, on returning, found him there, sitting near the rose-bush, and absorbed in the most profound reverie.

The prince-royal of ****, who was travelling into Prussia, made a stay of some days at the court of Amelia. He was welcomed with several festive entertainments, and the baron de Sargans wished to give one. The baron thought that Pamrose might be invited among the company who visited an individual, though the ball was to be honoured by the presence of princes. Amelia approved this idea; and Pamrose was not insensible to the pleasure of appearing in a brilliant assembly, in the train of her august benefactress. Pamrose was then in her seventeenth year. Until then, brought up in retirement and simplicity, no emotion of vanity had profaned her youthful heart. But when, on the morning of the day preceding the entertainment, there was brought her from Amelia an elegant dress of white satin and crape trimmed with wild roses, she was dazzled. She immediately tried it on; and, viewing herself in the glass, thought she saw herself for the first time: for, for the first time, she compared herself in her imagination with the young persons of her acquaintance; and, when she had once permitted herself to make this parallel, she did not fail to find it to her advantage. After this examination, the first sentiment she felt was a wish that William might see her in that dress. Pamrose, contrary to her usual custom, could attend to no employment during the rest of the day; she was agitated and disconcerted. It was on a Saturday, and she wrote to her father that she could not come to the cottage. Though she did not precisely know why, she said nothing of the entertainment to which she was going; but desired him, in the most pressing manner, to let Anna and William come to her the next day in the afternoon; and she added, that if William

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liam did not come, she should *really be very angry with him.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following Romance was suggested to the mind of the writer by two anecdotes which Sully, in his Memoirs, very gravely relates, respecting the deaths of the duchess of Beauford and madame La Connetable. If you think it worthy a place in your Magazine, the writer will feel herself obliged by its admission. E. W.

EDELIZA; *a* GOTHIC TALE.

EDELIZA, the orphan daughter of Albert De Lieramont, passed her early years, secluded from the world, in an old château on the banks of the Garonne. Here her days rolled on in uninterrupted quiet, and the native cheerfulness of her mind was unbroken by care. Though deprived of her mother a few moments after she first beheld the light, and of her father ere she had learned to lisp his name, the infant years of Edeliza were cherished with tenderness by the duke of ****, to whom De Lieramont, with his dying breath, had bequeathed her, together with a small sum of money, the only remains of his large property, which he had dissipated in his zeal to support the protestant interest. The duke had been the early patron of De Lieramont, with him had embraced the reformation, and borne arms in defence of his principles. The enfeebled state of this nobleman's health rendering him incapable of supporting the fatigues of public life, he retired, soon after Edeliza became an inmate of his family, from the turbulent scenes this period exhibited, to the peaceful shades of his well-fortified château. The duke, from whose marriage no progeny had issued, and whose wife possessed few qualities to interest his heart, soon felt for the young orphan the tenderest regard; and the care of her education became the employment and solace of his declining years.

The guardian of Edeliza possessed a warm imagination and a feeling heart; but the powers of his mind were contracted by prejudice, and his judgment was weak almost to infantine puerility. The heart of the little orphan was formed for love; and her guardian, by insensible degrees, became the object of her warmest affections. Her reverence for his opinions was almost idolatrous, and she relied on his judgment with implicit confidence. Lessons of religion were the first which her zealous instructor endeavoured to impress on the ductile mind of his pupil, and devotional feelings mingled with the earliest ideas which her mind imbibed. Yet she contemplated a Deity she could not comprehend. As her guardian, heated by the zeal of a sectary, described him, he appeared to her unsophisticated mind a being actuated by revenge, delighting in the destruction of his creatures; and she shrunk with horror from the picture imagination presented. But when she gazed on the face of nature, a warmer sentiment pervaded her heart. The earth teeming with varied existence, the vegetable tribe rich in beauty, and the animal creation sporting over the meadows, or filling the air with harmony, roused her soul to transport, and her mind rose with grateful rapture to the stupendous Cause of being. As Edeliza was allowed to wander without

out restraint over the beautiful scenery that surrounded the château, her mind gained, by contemplating those interesting objects, a degree of strength which the education of the duke was ill calculated to bestow. These scenes roused her morbid faculties, and awakened the germ of intellect; but they likewise contributed to inflame her youthful imagination, and excite her sensibility.

Influenced by this desultory mode of education, she attained the season of womanhood with a mind weakened by superstition and enslaved by fear, though it was not wholly devoid of energy; and there were moments when her understanding rose superior to prejudice. Her heart was warmly susceptible of pleasure and pain; and her passions, though yet unawakened, were kindled with ardour. It was in vain that the pursuit of knowledge was forbidden to Edeliza, that the spirit of youthful inquiry was repressed by the chilling influence of superstition: her heart panted to embrace a wider circle; and, as her reason matured, an ardent wish to wander from the environs of the château banished content from her breast.

The hour at length arrived which was to gratify this craving curiosity. The party, of which the duke was still considered a chief, began to tremble for its safety. Henry the Fourth of France had renounced the protestant faith, and distraction seemed ready to overwhelm them. The expansive and philosophic mind of this monarch was but little understood by the religious bigots of those times; they could not enter into his schemes, nor comprehend the benevolence that dictated his actions.

The guardian of Edeliza was roused by the perils to which his party seemed exposed; and forgetting, in the ardour of his zeal, the infirmities of his age, he resolved to appear once more on the theatre of the world. With a light heart did the young orphan, who was now too dear to be left behind, bid adieu to the scenes of her infancy. A crowd of new and delightful emotions filled her heart, as they journeyed by slow stages to the court of France. A quick succession of ideas passed rapidly through her mind, which seemed to open on a new existence; to imbibe 'food for contemplation even to madness.' The charms of Edeliza, when aided by the force of novelty, were too powerful to pass unnoticed even amidst the beauties of a court; while the native simplicity of her manners, and the vigour of her imagination, gave a grace to her person irresistibly fascinating. She was presently surrounded by admirers; and, intoxicated with the new delight, her heart yielded to the allurements of vanity. Each day she passed amidst varied scenes of dissipation, and each night she wept, with fruitless regret and unavailing penitence, the follies of the day: for a life so opposite to her former habits, so repugnant to her ideas of duty, could not be embraced without a strong mixture of pain. But her understanding, deprived by education of firmness, was unable to resist the impetuosity of her senses imperiously demanding gratification, and she was condemned to experience the alternate feelings of eager delight and bitter remorse. A new and unexpected scene was, however, preparing for Edeliza; a scene calculated to call forth all the enthusiasm of her temper, and awaken the warm affections of her heart.

The eyes of the monarch had dwelt with delight on the charms of the young orphan, from the first moment the duke had presented this cherished

cherished object to the gaze of his sovereign; and admiration, in the susceptible heart of Henry, was soon kindled into love. In the society of young Edeliza he forgot the cares of state, the turbulence of faction, and the fatigues of war. It was peculiarly soothing to a mind like his, disgusted with the bigotry of contending parties, and wearied with unavailing struggles, to listen to her untutored ideas, to observe the wild and energetic bursts of feeling and intellect which education had not been able wholly to suppress. Every moment that the enraptured monarch could disengage from the calls of business was spent in her apartments, and this growing intercourse served to rivet more strongly the fetters that bound him. Edeliza contemplated the expanded mind of the prince with wonder and delight; it was to her a new source of intelligence; a field in which her fancy could incessantly wander, and find fresh food for the awakened intellect to feed on. His attentions, too, flattered her pride, excited self-approbation, and soothed the feelings of her heart, which panted for some object on whom to lavish its vast stores of affection, and her passion soon became more ardent than his own. It was in vain that her judgment represented the danger of such unequal attachments; for, though her mind would have shrunk from any act injurious to virtue, yet to love a monarch, the father of his people, seemed a sentiment which no rigour could condemn. Brought up in ignorance of the world and its laws, they had little influence in forming her opinions.

The attachment of the prince to the young stranger could not long remain a secret; and the protestants flattered themselves that they should by her means gain a complete ascendance over the mind of their sovereign, while the catholics trembled at the power of an unlettered girl. But the hopes and fears of each party gave to her an influence she was far from possessing. The actions of this prince were generally formed by the dictates of his understanding, not directed by the caprice of his favourites: he was too just, too benevolent, to consent, in an hour of dalliance, to an act that might deluge a whole province in blood.

Thus did Edeliza, scarce conscious of her elevation, become the rising sun before whom the satellites of a court paid their daily adorations: thus, too, held up to the shafts of envy, and marked as the object of suspicion, she became the victim of those who trembled at her power. The few minutes daily passed in the society of her lover were imbued with a delight too exquisite to be interrupted by political squabbles, and months had passed away before Edeliza could find an opportunity of pleading the protestant cause with the enraptured Henry; though repeatedly urged to the undertaking by the duke and his party. She at length entered on the subject with that warmth of feeling which characterised all her actions. The early impressions her fancy had received rushed on her heart, and gave eloquence to her tongue; and she became at once the zealous advocate of a cause which all her habits had taught her to reverence. Henry listened with delight to her persuasive language, while he gazed with rapture on the charms of her person, heightened by elevated feelings; but when she had finished, assuming a severer tone than he had ever yet addressed her in, he replied—

'Edeliza, I regard the cause for which you now plead with reverence,

rence, because I know it is calculated to enlighten mankind. Religious dissensions have already roused the spirit of inquiry, and will by slow degrees spread knowledge over the world. Inquiry kindles the dormant faculties of the human mind, and before awakened intellect misery and barbarism must vanish from the earth. But my conduct on the present question must be left to my own judgment: I will not allow you to be the tool of a party, nor myself to be biassed by feeling: therefore, on this subject, I will never listen to you more. Farewell, my love!—for the present we must part.'

Edeliza was chagrined by the harshness of her lover: but a spark of latent vanity, which circumstances conspired to foster, prevented her acknowledging, even to the duke, the ill success of her mission; and some privileges granted to the protestants shortly after this period, though resulting from the monarch's judgment, were attributed to her influence.

The party began now to exult; they fancied they had found in Edeliza a proper instrument to bind the prince to their interest. They calculated on the warm feelings of Henry, aided by his natural propensity to love; and every art was practised to increase his infatuation, and place his victim more completely in his power. Time passed with Edeliza in a round of delight. Henry loved her with the most fervent passion; but the native generosity of his mind had hitherto prevented his requesting any favour inconsistent with her own ideas of virtue. She was the orphan daughter of De Lieramont, an officer who had toiled in his affairs and bled in his service; and could a heart imbued with the principles of justice repay the activity of a departed friend by the dishonour of his child?—No! the judgment of Henry shrunk from the action; though his fevered imagination dwelt incessantly on the accomplishment of his wishes. But the life of this monarch was not destined to be long stationary, and some convulsions in a distant province soon drew him from this scene of temptation. The danger which called for his presence was urgent, and the prince had but a few hours to prepare for his departure. To bid adieu to Edeliza was reserved as his last care; it was a task at once painful and pleasing, and he wished the parting words of her he loved to rest on his mind undissipated by vulgar objects. It was midnight when he entered her apartment. She received him with trembling emotion, oppressed by contending feelings. She wept on his bosom, while her heart beat with a painful presentiment of impending evil. She dreaded to hear the last farewell of her lover, for her disordered fancy foreboded it would be an eternal adieu. In vain he attempted to calm her agitated mind: in vain he urged all that reason could suggest to quiet her fears: but in vain the soothing accents of love flowed from his lips, the dawn summoned the monarch away, and left Edeliza a prey to the most tormenting anxiety. Alas! she was not only a prey to corroding sorrow; the engines of malice were at work for her destruction, and the absence of her lover seemed a favourable opportunity for employing their force. The duke, her only protector, was lulled into a fatal security: he judged that, elevated as she now was, no one would have the temerity to attack her, and various schemes were formed for removing her from the court without exciting his suspicion.

How changed was the scene to the

the hapless orphan! No allurements could draw her from her melancholy contemplations: the dissipation that surrounded her had lost its power to charm. Her only amusement now was to sing her complaints to the strains of her lute, in the simple language her feelings dictated. It had been her custom, since the departure of Henry, to linger away the long summer evenings in a little hermitage on the summit of a hill, from whose height an artificial torrent fell into the lake below. Here she indulged in visions of fancy; and here her mind, glowing with the mingled feelings of love and devotion, rose to a degree of sublimity almost above mortality. Fears for the safety of her lover shook her soul: all around her was darkness and suspense, and her heart fondly clung to the Invisible Spirit whose power moves the planets in their orbs, for support and protection. While in this gloomy cell, her lips poured forth to Deity all the tender wishes that warmed her throbbing bosom.

It was after an evening of more than usual gloom in the mind of Edeliza, when, returning through the long avenue of trees that led to her apartments, her ears were struck with the sound of distant music. The night was sultry, scarce a breeze moved through the ripened foliage, and the harmony of the feathered choir was hushed in silence. It seemed like a pause in creation; and the soft sounds that now floated on the air appeared to her heated imagination like the voice of some invisible spirit. She stopped to listen; while the mingled emotions of surprise, admiration, and terror, played about her heart The sounds, though distant, were clear; and she distinctly heard the following words, sung in tones the most impressive, by a voice whose melting softness stole upon the enraptured ear—

'Haste, fond victim of love's power!
Haste, ere yet the destin'd hour
Dooms thee to the snare.'

Edeliza trembled: a crowd of indistinct ideas rushed upon her mind, while a thousand vague fears filled her fancy. The words seemed addressed to her, and the time and place gave them double force. But whither was she to haste? From what snare was she to fly? Who had formed the thought of injuring her? And why this mysterious address?

The music ceased, and again profound silence reigned: Edeliza raised her eyes fearfully from the ground, as she cautiously proceeded on her way. The moon-beams shone faintly through the lofty trees, and shed an indistinct light over the path, which, by discovering objects without developing their form, served but to increase the gloom. With trembling and irresolute steps she moved forward, when the solemn silence was again interrupted by a noise like the clanking of chains, which seemed slowly advancing towards her. She paused with increased emotion, when a sudden light discovered to her view an object whose terrific appearance almost shook reason from her seat. Fear palsied her soul: she sank on her knees, and vainly endeavoured to implore the protection of Heaven; but her lips were locked in silence, while terror bound up her faculties, and seemed to chain her to the spot. The figure at length approached; and, stretching his arm to raise her from the ground, she again looked fearfully up, and beheld with frantic terror the being before her. It bore the form of an aged warrior, whose hoary beard hung below his breast, and shaded the glittering steel that enveloped his body. A helmet covered his forehead, round which a phosphoric flame

flame played, and gave a livid hue to his countenance, in which time and deep thought had left strong traces. To his left arm was fastened a chain, and in his right he held a sceptre of livid fire.

After a pause of inexpressible terror, the apparition, in a voice which appeared to issue from the ground, thus addressed her:

'Fair daughter of this lower world, thy piety hath ascended to heaven, and thy zeal, though mistaken, shall be rewarded. Thou hast strayed in the paths of perdition, and I am sent to snatch thee from destruction. Follow me to where peace and happiness await thee, where roses shall spring in thy path, and where the thorns of life never wound. Eternal bliss shall be the reward of thy temporal obedience. But dare to dispute my mandate, and I have power to hurl thee to the lowest gulf of wretchedness, where lingering despair shall canker thy soul, and hopeless anguish prey on thy vitals.'

As the spectre finished these words, he threw round her the chain; which fastening again to his arm with a spring, he drew her along with an impetuosity which her trembling and enfeebled limbs could scarcely support. At length they entered, beneath a broken arch, the ruin of a gothic chapel. Here they paused; and Edeliza, casting an imploring look on her conductor, raised her clasped hands to heaven, while she besought his compassion in language wild and incoherent as were the feelings of her mind. But her efforts were soon chilled by new terrors: the solid ground on which she stood shook beneath her feet, while a hoarse discordant noise seemed to fill the distant cavities, whose mouldering ruins tottered beneath the mighty crash. She now beheld, by the light of the flaming sceptre, which her companion waved along the earth, a wide chasm, down the broken steps of which he again impelled her unwilling feet. As they entered the vault beneath, Edeliza gazed fearfully round; a phosphoric flame blazed round the pillars that supported the broken arches, from which in beautiful variety hung innumerable forms of crystalline spar, transparent as the dew-drop in the rays of morning, and glittering with the faint light that filled the cavern. The scene was at once sublime and terrible; but the mind of Edeliza was awake only to sensations of horror, and she uttered a loud and piercing shriek, as the strong arm of her mysterious guide drew her forcibly along the subterraneous passage. They had not however proceeded far, when the light from the pillars was suddenly extinguished, the blazing sceptre vanished from the hand of her conductor, and the bright flame that played round his helmet expired. Edeliza became frantic with affright, and a happy insensibility benumbed her powers. In this state was she conveyed to the convent of ——, against whose gloomy walls the waves beat with a monotonous sadness, which seemed to proclaim the tedious uniformity that characterised the lives of its pensive inhabitants.

While these dark scenes were acting beneath the bosom of the earth, the friends of Edeliza became a prey to the most anxious solicitude. With fruitless inquietude did they explore the hermitage, and wander over the spacious gardens; the object of their search was no where to be found. The ladies who had attended on the hapless stranger since her arrival at court, were alarmed through the night with incessant forebodings. At one

moment the tapestry that decorated the apartments was shaken as with a strong eddy, while deep and hollow groans seemed to issue from the uncouth figures; and twice, when all else was silent, an unknown voice was heard to pronounce these words:

'Go not to the aid of De Lieramont's daughter: the measure of her crimes is now full, and she must receive the reward of her guilt.'

The night passed in fearful consternation and suspense; but, as the dawn again brightened the atmosphere, the duke with renovated hopes renewed the search. His labours and his solicitude were now soon ended; for, on again entering the hermitage, a small door was discovered which had hitherto escaped observation. The companions of the duke eagerly entered the aperture; while he, with feeble and hesitating steps, followed to witness a catastrophe more terrible than even his fears had suggested.

Stretched on the ground, in one corner of the apartment, lay a corpse clad in the garments of the blooming Edeliza. The duke gazed on the form before him: it was the figure of the being most dear to his heart: but so changed was the countenance, where yesterday hope and animation beamed; so distorted were the features by the convulsive agonies of death, that not a trace remained which could recall her image to his memory. Yet he could not for a moment sooth his lacerated bosom with hope: the lifeless figure bore an exact resemblance to that of his beloved orphan; and his heart sickened at the thought, that here she had perished without one friend to sooth the last agonies of expiring nature. Sunk in profound melancholy, he was led by his friends from this oppressive scene: but all their efforts to divert his grief were ineffectual; he had lost in Edeliza the last prop on which his affections hung, and despair withered the little energy that yet remained to support his enfeebled frame.

The body was conveyed to the palace, and in a few days consigned to the tomb with all the pomp of ostentatious sorrow. The story of Edeliza's death filled the city with astonishment, and engrossed the attention of all ranks in society. The strange and unnatural noises which were said to have predicted her dissolution; the figure with the burning helmet, who had been seen the preceding evening in the garden—and fancy had given to it a thousand different shapes—all these were circumstances of such strong import, as to induce a belief of supernatural agency; and so strong was the force of opinion, that even the wise and reflective were borne down with the general current. A belief in miracles has been in all ages the refuge of weak and ignorant minds: it belongs to the scholar and the philosopher to detect error, to trace causes from effects, and to bring fraud and imposition to light; but no such, alas! were at hand to rescue an hapless stranger, and Edeliza soon sunk into oblivion, forgotten by the world around. The monarch received the tidings of her death at a time when calamity seemed to overwhelm his mighty mind. He had just lost a battle—had witnessed the horrors of an ensanguined field—had seen numbers of his subjects fall beneath the destroying sword—and existence appeared scarce worth the constant toil that preserved it. The heart of Henry was formed for the most ardent feelings: he loved Edeliza with passionate fondness, and this new sorrow for a time sunk him in despair. He shut himself in his tent, where for several days none of his courtiers dared to

intrude,

intrude, and neglecting all business he was wholly occupied by despair. Necessity at length aroused him from this lethargic sadness; and once awakened to the calls of duty, he soon forgot in the exertions of the monarch the afflictions of the man. He had no doubt but the death of Edeliza had been caused by some sudden attack of disease, which for want of immediate assistance had proved fatal. The stories that were told him of the miracles which announced her dissolution, he laughed at as the superstitions of the idle crowd, and they left no trace on his mind.

While thus lamented by her lover, as in opinion he consigned her to an early grave, Edeliza was slowly recovering from the shock her reason had sustained, within the gloomy walls of a convent destined to be her living tomb. It was many weeks before she recovered recollection; and when she did, images of the past floated so confusedly over her mind, that her whole life seemed to have been but a lengthened dream of existence. Her memory bore only faint traces of the night when she had been hurried away from a spot dear to her heart; and so forcibly were the impressions of infancy fastened on her mind, that she gave a ready ear to the tales of those around her. Superstitious terrors were the first impressions she had received; and she listened with horror to the incredible account of her having been brought to her present abode in the dead of night, without human agency, amidst the howling of winds, the crash of thunders, and the blaze of elemental fires. Alas, in how many ways does vanity mislead its votaries! For, had the judgment of Edeliza been unbiassed, she could not have believed this ridiculous story; could never have supposed, that for an atom like herself the operations of nature would have been suspended. Imbued with such feelings, it was however no difficult task to persuade her that the tenets of her former creed were the tenets of error. She shuddered at the thought of a justly incensed God taking vengeance of her crimes, and her heart glowed with pious rapture for the mercy that had snatched her from destruction. Most willingly did she embrace the catholic faith, and most willingly did she perform the penances enjoined for her past errors. Yet, as she counted her beads with tears and remorse, the image of her beloved Henry stole over her thoughts, and the remembrance of him mingled with her most ardent prayers to the throne of beneficence. Corroded by the vain desires of ungratified passion, which solitude and religious fervours heightened almost to madness, Edeliza passed her melancholy days, while the sallow hue of disappointment withered the roses in her cheeks, and blasted the fair form of beauty. Yet the heroism which disappointed love inspired elevated her soul, and gave to her gloomy abode a secret charm. There were moments in which she doubted the propriety of her conduct, and feared she had been too hasty in her judgment: but the mingled sensations of love and piety soon checked the suggestions of reason; and, hurried away by the enthusiasm of her character, she became as life declined the most rigid recluse of a severe order.

The abbé ——, by whose artifices she had been spirited away, rejoiced in his machinations. He was the spectre who had conducted her through the subterraneous passage, and then, consigning her to the care of a trusty agent, returned to manage the concluding scene. He had previously procured the body of a peasant

peasant girl, whose countenance, distorted by the strong convulsions in which she had expired, bore no trace of any living object; and, having dressed it in the clothes of his unfortunate victim, and secretly conveyed it to her favourite haunt, wisely trusted to the superstition of those around him to aid and give complete success to the deceit.

His plot succeeded even beyond his expectations; and many years after he boasted of having by a little deception rescued an amiable woman from perdition, and saved his monarch from the fascination of her charms.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE lace half handkerchiefs, *en marmotte*, are become the prevailing *coeffure*. They are made up in a new fashion, by spreading them more and advancing them further upon the cheeks. The lace veils laid flat upon the hair no longer come down upon the forehead; on the contrary, they are thrown back so far, they would fall, if they were not fixed with a pin to the back of the head. The heads cropped *à la Titus* reckon about one to fifty. The golden combs and pins are the ornaments for long hair. The former have the whole range of the head. Sometimes they are placed over the ear; sometimes upon the forehead at the root of the hair; frequently they come low down upon the nape of the neck. That which used to be their most unusual is now their most ordinary place. The straw hats, cut upon the neck, are, within these few days, become less common than those with the leaf entire. They are adorned with a double, sometimes a triple, trimming of plaited *tulle*. In front they put a rose of ribbons, sometimes a rose of feathers. The rose is the colour of the moment. Capotes are made of a black ground, trimmed with rose, in nearly circular bands. We see now and then a few turbans. Low waists have a majority, and the fashion of full sleeves is become general. The body of most robes is surmounted with a sort of gimp *fichu*, without a collar; others with a frill *à l'Angloise*, generally of lace. The attempt to revive the long shawls twisted into a cord and pendent, is followed by the reproduction of another fashion, viz. that of handkerchiefs crossed and knotted upon the neck, with pendent ends, that prevailed about two years ago. The new golden pins have not the arrow head, but are in the *caduceus* shape. The backs of the golden combs are chased with emeralds and topazes, instead of being ornamented with cornelians and engraved plates. The bracelets are of the breadth of a common ribbon, flat, and in triangular meshes of gold.

The *fichus, en marmotte*, are more numerous than they have been yet. They are worn upon the hair, upon hats, upon little lace mobs. The black straw hats maintain their usual size and shape, but the other hats are broader in the leaf; hence it follows, that the *fichu*, or ribbon, which brings them down at the sides, and the ends of which are knotted under the chin, gives them all a crushed appearance. The rose is still the prevailing colour; it is frequently mixed with black. The freshness of the evenings has induced some heads cropped *à la Titus* to use some covering. The long tresses are still turned up very high and close, so as to leave the nape of the neck quite bare. All the

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Sepr 1802.

Mutlow Sc. Russell Co.^t

PARIS DRESS.

the ends are twisted, and collected upon the crown of the head into a bunch, which the *cœffeurs* call a *chou*, made fast with a golden pin, or a golden-backed comb. Aprons trimmed with lace, and reaching to the slipper, have, with a few *élégantes*, succeeded to short tunics.—The *cestuses* have upon the back an X surmounted with a V. The ends, which are knotted before, are very small. When there is no cestus, the end of an handkerchief, generally an embroidered one, covers part of the back, as low down as the gathering of the plaits that mark the waist. We have still the vile full sleeves. Some *élégantes* have adopted, for collars, full ruffs of *gauffreed* lawn, in three rows. The hats of our men of fashion are round and shaggy, and about five inches and a half high in the crown. About an eighth of them wear them of a beaver colour outside and green inside, with a grey band.

Our *élégantes* have displayed within these few days a great many veils, and a great many small *fichus* of lace *en marmotte*, that is, of English *tulle* embroidered at Paris. The return of warm weather has produced the hideous heads *à la Titus*.—Straw hats, which constitute nearly a majority of the head-dresses, are of three kinds: those of black straw, cut upon the neck, edged and trimmed with rose ribbons in large bows; those of white straw, embroidered with *tulle*, and trimmed with ribbons, sometimes rose sometimes white; thirdly, those of yellow straw, trimmed round the crown with a broad white ribbon in full plaits. Almost all the robes and tunics are white and plain, or black, or rose colour. Rose is still the prevailing colour. The fashion of full sleeves is still general. A *fichu*, called *à la Psyche*, is spoken of, which buttons across, leaving part of the neck exposed. The fichu *en corde*, crossed in an X upon the bosom, is also a fashion much followed. We see few ruffs. The plaited *tulle*, puffed crape called *ruche*, and the tinsel *chefs*, are the fashionable trimmings. In a short time aprons will be as common in full dress as in tunics. The waists are very low, and trains rare. Not content with the admission, as articles of dress, of hunting hats, green and white and Nankeen gaiters, the young men of fashion exhibit in the public walks their *vestes de chasse*.

The hair *à la Titus* is still considered, in spite of the evidence of our eyes, a very fine head-dress. Next comes the hair, long and turned up in the pyramid style, leaving the nape of the neck entirely exposed. The combs are still worn in a vertical position; and to adorn their back, the jewellers employ indifferently cameos or cornelians. Rose has succeeded to sky blue in tunics. It also prevails in ribbons over lilac and jonquil. We see a few plaid ribbons. Almost all the robes have a lace frill round the neck. Low waists will soon be as common as full sleeves. The robes are either without a train or have a very long one. Some *élégantes* wear their shawls twisted like a cord, and pendent, in the style that existed about four years ago. Most of the cestuses form an X on the back. Lace *demi-fichus* are very much worn as head-dresses. The black and white straw hats are still trimmed with a band of plaited *tulle*; Most of them have no leaf behind.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Evening-dresses.

A ROUND dress of thin white muslin, trimmed round the bosom with lace, the sleeves short and very full. A loose body of muslin trimmed with pink worn over the dress.

dress. A cap of pink muslin ornamented with wreaths.

A round dress of white muslin, the back full, and low on the shoulders; the bosom trimmed with lace, the sleeves plain, with lace let in round the bottom. A spencer of yellow silk, covered and trimmed with black lace. A Spanish hat of yellow silk covered with black lace, turned up in front, and ornamented with a yellow feather.

Walking-dress.

A walking-dress of buff muslin, with long sleeves of white cambric muslin. A habit shirt of cambric, the front trimmed with lace. A bonnet of buff muslin.

A child's walking-dress of cambric muslin, drawn close round the neck with a frill, full long sleeves. A straw hat tied down with blue ribbon.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are white, buff, lilac, and blue. Large straw hats and short round dresses trimmed round the bottom with lace, or narrow frills of fine white muslin, are much adopted for walking. Spanish cloaks and small round hats, with white veils or feathers, are very general.

THE RIGID FATHER;

A NOVEL.

(Continued from p. 426.)

LETTER XV.

M. Bernstorf to M. Richter.

Hamburg.

I ALWAYS feel myself perplexed, and in some degree feeble and timid, when I have to do with a knave; for I cannot avoid the thought that I may some time meet with one who is as determinedly bent on doing evil, as you and I are desirous to do good. This thought occurred to me with renewed force when I this morning went to Schocher. You remember with what deliberate cunning the rogue acted at Amsterdam, and how at last we were obliged to have recourse to high language before he would give way. I believe I walked up and down the street and passed his door ten times before I knocked, running over in my mind all the falsehoods and artifices to which he might have recourse, and preparing myself against all his subterfuges.

I had with me a young man, not deficient either in understanding or spirit, who in case of necessity might be a witness. All my inquiries after the girl had been ineffectual; I was therefore obliged to apply to Mr. Schocher. I was introduced to him; and as soon as he saw me, he fixed his eyes on me, and seemed as if endeavouring to recollect where he had seen me before—but this only for a moment—after which he resumed his former easy and careless air, and asked me what were my commands.

'Mr. Schocher,' said I, very calmly, 'or ought I not rather to say Mr. Luders?'

You perceive I endeavoured, if possible, to disconcert the fellow; but he did not alter a single muscle of his face.

'Luders,' said he, 'is indeed my true name, Schocher is not. My uncle, who was of the latter name, adopted me, and I passed for his son. I therefore generally write both names — Luders otherwise Schocher.'

'You have, sir, however, at least a third name; for at Luneburg you very

very lately passed by the name of Muller.'

I thought now I should see some little symptom of confusion in his countenance; but he only smiled and nodded his head, as much to say 'Very true.'

'And may I inquire your name, sir?' said he with the most careless and confident air.

'My name, sir, is Bernstorf.'

He clapped his finger to his forehead.

'Bernstorf! Bernstorf!' said he: 'have I not had the honour to see you somewhere before?'

'Yes,' answered I coldly: 'you have seen me in Amsterdam, Mr. Luders, with my friend Mr. Richter: do you not recollect?'

'How should I not recollect what was in its effects of so much consequence, and indeed real benefit to me? I am extremely glad to see you, my dear Mr. Bernstorf. You will permit me——'

He made an offer to ring the bell, but I prevented him.

'I have since grown old,' continued he; and, casting an apparently friendly look on me, 'I can see too the marks of age in you, my good friend. We were then ardent young men! Every thing is as present to my memory as if it had happened yesterday—You will do me the pleasure to breakfast with me—It was a happy circumstance for me that accident brought us together at Amsterdam. I have since been convinced how much you was in the right. I then thought it was of little consequence whether a man lived and died in this part of the world or another. Gracious heaven! how wicked a man may be who does not allow himself time to reflect!—My dear Mr. Bernstorf, you must do me the favour to breakfast with me; and if it is in my power to render you any service, you have only to speak. I have to thank you for the present tranquillity and the greatest happiness of my life; for the young man whom I had intended to send to India, is now the happy father of seven well educated children.'

All this the knave said with as much seeming honesty and satisfaction of heart, as if he had possessed the best conscience in the world.

'I am very much pleased,' said I, 'Mr. Schocher, to hear this—It is in your power to render me a service.' (He seemed to listen with attention.) 'You brought with you from Luneburg, when you was there by the name of Muller, a young girl of the name of Augusta Silverman.'

He nodded assent in a very composed and amicable manner.

'I thought,' said he, 'that could not be expected long to remain a secret.'

I had supposed he would deny the fact, and was so much surprised by his answer, that I remained silent for a short time. He was silent likewise, and I was obliged to repeat my question.

'I cannot,' said he, 'answer your inquiry satisfactorily, till I know how far you are authorised to make it.'

'Mrs. Silverman,' said I, 'has wished that I should see and speak with her daughter:' and I produced her letter.

'To this,' said he, 'I can have no objection: you shall certainly see and speak to the girl within an hour or two; for she is at present at a little farm I have about three miles from hence.'

He rose, and was going to the door, but I stopped him—'You must excuse me,' said I, 'Mr. Schocher,

Schocher, if I do not place implicit confidence in you: we will, if you please, go together.'

I then rang the bell, and a servant came in, whom I ordered to procure a coach. Schocher smiled, and shook his head.—'You will permit me, however,' said he, 'Mr. Bernstorf, 'to look again at Mrs. Silverman's letter: distrust is catching.'

He looked the letter cursorily over, and said, 'It is all very right. You will pardon me,' said he: 'we will go to the girl immediately: let me only speak for a moment to my wife.'

'You shall not stir from the place without me,' said I, thinking that I had now fairly caught him.

'You are a very extraordinary man,' answered he: 'but if I were not willing to comply with all this extravagance, how could you force me? But, you shall have the girl if you please; though I had the best intentions towards her. I have no children, and I proposed to have treated her in every respect as if she had been my own daughter.'

The coach had now arrived; and he told the servant that he was going to the farm with those two gentlemen, and that they need not wait dinner for him. As we went along, he spoke of the weather, and the probability that the ensuing harvest would be very fine, with the most perfectcomposure. When we reached the house, the housekeeper and two maids came running to the door of the carriage, and with every appearance of the utmost confusion and concern exclaimed—'Indeed, sir, we are not to blame; miss Silverman went away without our knowledge yesterday evening.'

'Miss Silverman gone!' cried he: 'Impossible! You do not know the consequences of her going in such a manner.'

'What,' said I, 'my good sir,' clapping him on the shoulder, 'has she escaped you?'

He turned hastily round, and said to me, 'Not a word till I examine these people.'

'If you please,' answered I, 'I will examine them myself, while you go into the garden with my companion.'

'I hope,' said he, 'you will not lose too much time; we must endeavour to find her.'

He now left me, and the person who accompanied me went with him. I immediately inquired strictly of both the maids how the affair had happened. They were both uniform in their story, which was confirmed by some other servants.

The poor girl had come to the house with Schocher, had been continually in tears, and seemed to wish to return to Luneburg. After some days, an elderly man, in a dark brown great coat, made his appearance, and had a long conversation with her. He came every day, and, at last, yesterday, with a coach, which he left at the garden door. Augusta packed up all the things she had with her, and went with them through the garden. The maids, who saw her, followed her, but did not dare to interrupt her, because they had been ordered to let her do what she pleased. She threw her bundle into the carriage, sprang into it, and called to the maids—'Give my compliments to your deceitful master.' The coach drove away, but not towards Hamburg.

This, friend Richter, is all I could obtain from the unanimous accounts, complaints, and excuses of the maids and other servants. Here can be no deception: for the people in the village saw every thing that passed. Augusta very anxiously inquired whether the person

son with whom she came was named Schocher or Muller; and, being told Schocher, appeared very thoughtful.

I now went into the garden. Schocher came forwards to meet me, and inquired, seemingly with eagerness, whether I was satisfied. I fixed my eyes attentively on him when I told him that I inclined to think him innocent: he did not, however, manifest in his countenance the least trace of that joy I might expect him to show in consequence of successful deception. But still I did not part with him thus.

'I cannot,' said I, 'after all, entirely get rid of the suspicion that you are deceiving me, and that you act as the instrument of the Willmans.'

'Well!' said he with the utmost calmness: 'whatever your suspicions may be, they cannot deprive me of the consciousness of having intended to perform a good action. I should not bear so easily with your injurious suspicions, did I not know that you in some measure have a right to suspect me from what passed at Amsterdam. I will, however, give you a candid account of the whole transaction, and honestly state to you my intentions.'

He now began a plausible narrative with great fluency, in which there appeared nothing unnatural that could betray him, or excite suspicion: of this the following is the substance.

He chanced, while on a journey, to pass through Luneburg. He is a particular acquaintance, a friend of the Willmans, who told him in confidence of the intended marriage of your nephew, and his love for Augusta. They did not express any fear that this love could prevent the marriage, but only that Augusta might disturb their happiness after it. Schocher, as he said, thought all this very reasonable, and advised them to remove the girl to a distance from them, if they could contrive to do it in an honourable manner, and such as should be advantageous to herself. He afterwards visited Mrs. Silverman, and was much pleased with the innocence and delicacy of the girl. He now conceived the design of securing her from the seduction of your nephew, and at the same time relieving the Willmans from their fears. He pretended to be a relation of the credulous family —(it is to be observed, likewise, that he did not attempt to conceal the conversation with the Willmans which Augusta had overheard;)— and then took the disconsolate Augusta with him, fully resolved, as he said, to act by her as a father.

He related all this in so connected, natural, and plausible a manner, that my companion began to believe his intentions had been perfectly honourable; and I should have believed so too, could I have supposed this devil to have a heart. When he had ended, I said coldly, with as determined a voice as I could assume—

'Mr. Schocher, if you know where the girl is; if you have the least reason to conjecture where she is, you will act wisely, and to your own interest, in telling me immediately. You knew me in Amsterdam, and you know the firmness with which I will pursue what I think to be right; that I will lavishly expend my property, nay risk my life, in the attainment of such an object. I have money enough, Mr. Schocher, to assist me in my attempts to make the discovery, and I do not want for leisure or for friends. The lover of Augusta, who is a youth of resolution, will be here in a day or two, and he has sworn the death of the man who shall attempt to deprive him

him of her. I can most confidently assure you that she will be found. I most solemnly swear to you, that I will dedicate even the whole of my property, should it be necessary, to avenge her innocence, if any injury is offered to it. If you are concerned in that injury, Mr. Schocher, as sure as there is a power in heaven that protects virtue, that act of knavery shall be the last you shall ever have it in your power to commit.'

This seemed to make some impression on the rogue: he turned pale, and at times looked fierce as the tiger ready to bound on his prey.—'I have lived here,' said he, 'for these ten years, with the character of a man of honesty and honour.'

'There are other places,' retorted I, 'where your character has appeared very different; nor would it be difficult for me to deprive you of your mask. Do you recollect the bill of exchange drawn on the Willmans?'

I had now caught him, had I acted more cunningly, or at least been informed more fully of the fact to which I alluded. I had heard something of a bill of exchange which had been drawn before the failure of Willman, and from which both he and Willman were supposed to have derived dishonest and illegal advantages; but I was not sufficiently acquainted with the particulars.

'What bill of exchange?' said he. As I hesitated and delayed my answer, he recovered new courage; his countenance was smoothed with a smile, and he assured me positively that he knew nothing of the girl. I looked him stedfastly in the face, and saw evident signs of confusion, which fully convinced me he knew where she was. We afterwards returned in the coach, scarcely speaking a word all the way; and having set Mr. Schocher down at his door, I proceeded to my own house.'

When I had arrived there, I took the coachman, who had driven us, into a private room, and, putting down a number of ducats on the table, asked him if he were willing to earn them. The man stared at me with open mouth; and I told him, if he could find out the coachman who had lately driven a young lady from Mr. Schocher's farm, that that money should be his own. The coach, I added, was blue, and drawn by bay horses; the driver a short stout man. At first he seemed fearful that he might give some offence to Mr. Schocher; but, looking at the money, he added:—'If I do drive Mr. Schocher sometimes, I do not drive him always. There is one—one—I cannot at present recollect his name—but he has a blue coach and bay horses. I would lay all the money on the table that I can find the man you wish.'

'Well,' said I, 'there are thirty ducats: they shall be yours if you can find him.'

The fellow immediately ran out of the room, and was out of sight before I could call him back.

I am now waiting with no little anxiety for his return. I fear he will make some blunder, and that we shall be able to discover nothing. I have not time to say more, for the post is going. Farewell.

(To be continued.)

On ESTEEM.

THIS sentiment is natural, and acts with force on all mankind: it does not arise suddenly; it is formed gradually by long intercourse; it

it is foreign to the soul, and introduced by a kind of irresistible violence into the mind: frequently it is experienced for things which at first did not please, but which afterwards become of the greatest value.

Esteem is always regulated by reason, and justified by an interior sentiment, which fixes all others on the object esteemed. It is not subject to the disorder of the senses, nor to the inconstancy of the passions, as it can no longer be enchained by seductive charms. The secret movement announces it at the bottom of the soul, in which it conceals itself, and from which it commands the mind. True merit ever attracts homage, and that sentimental respect which has so much authority over the heart. It is at first only a simple inclination, the progress of which slowly unfolds itself. This inclination is, as it were, the soul of society; it unites us to each other by a natural approbation, which, however, ought always to be subjected to the law of discernment.

The love of esteem elevates man; makes him aspire to great actions and honours, and to endeavour to render himself capable and worthy of them. This same love also inclines him to the practice of great virtues, which are always the principles of great actions.

But how much does esteem augment the pleasures of sentiment between two persons whom a happy inclination has united in the gentlest bonds! When the illusion of external charms is dissipated, a fearful void succeeds, which happy are those who can fill up by the most interesting and valuable of all sentiments. When desire is satisfied, what remains in the heart if it be not warmed by esteem? The satisfaction of esteeming the object we love, is of all sentiments the most delicate, and that which bestows the greatest happiness. It is a mild and regulated joy,—a joy of reason, which is never disturbed by the transports of passion: it is nourished in the soul, and diffuses through it that pure light which nothing can obscure. It is its own happiness, and its own enjoyment; which is ever the reward of true merit, and is never bestowed on false grandeur and parade. The cold and ridiculous respect which is entertained for the latter, can never be compared to the esteem and veneration which all are ready to lavish on those superior geniuses, those great men whose actions have for their object only general or individual utility. We every day pay respect to men for whom none entertain esteem; for that sentiment is not subjected to the laws of custom, nor can it be extorted by authority or power. It may be added, that even the person who hates you cannot avoid esteeming you, if your character be truly estimable. In a word, esteem is not a sentiment of opinion, and which may be satisfied like others; it is not subject to the sallies of a first inclination: time alone, and examination, fix its choice, and determinate its judgment.

Miscellaneous Thoughts *and* Maxims.

A woman never hated a man because he showed that he loved her; but many have hated men for showing that they had only a friendship for them.

If vanity ever made any person happy, it can only have been a fool.

To-day, yesterday, to-morrow, are the three ages of man.

Patience is the art of hoping.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

NANCY; A SONG.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

YOU ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me?
When we see the flow'rs bud, don't we look for the bloom?
Then, sweetest, attend while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight beguile,
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy;
And observe that, whatever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance—but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries pluckt in the grove
Like beads on the tall-seeded grass you had strung,
You gave me the choicest: I hop'd 't was for love,
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale sung.

Remember the viper:—'twas close to your feet;
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms:
Not a strawberry there was so ripe, nor so sweet,
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the cluster of nuts for my fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending bough!
Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.

And was it compassion?—By Heaven 'twas more!
A tell-tale betrays you;—that blush on your cheek.
Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what candour will teach you to speak.

Can you stain my fair honour with one broken vow?
Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain?
On Truth's honest base let your tenderness grow:
I swear to be faithful, again and again.

ROSY HANNAH.

BY THE SAME.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flow'r,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head:
A rosy lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam:
The stranger nodded 'How d' ye do?'
And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away:
With me her glowing image stay'd.
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet,
Through downy moss, the wild-thyme grew:
Nor moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain,
And when the pale Moon rising gave
New glories to her cloudy train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor
Our plighted vows to Heaven are flown:
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS;

A SONG.

'Qui facere assuerat——
Candida de nigris.' OVID. MET.

IN Liquorpond-street, as is well known to many,
An artist resided who shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three-half-pence, for three-pence he bled,
And would draw for a groat ev'ry tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose:
For blast or for mildew he car'd not a pin;
His crops never fail'd—for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares which ambition and state has,
Contented he dined on his daily potatoes;
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle
Were nightly devoted to wetting his whistle.

When copper ran low he made light of the matter;
Drank his purl upon tick at the Old Pewter Platter:
Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd
As if he had lather'd the minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no discrimination,
Would not let this superlative shaver alone
Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The fair-one whose charms did the barber enthrall
At the end of Fleet-market of fish kept a stall:
As red as her cheek no boil'd lobster was seen;
Not an eel that she sold was as soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told,
In all countries and climates, hot, temperate, and cold:
Thus the heart of our barber love scorch'd to a coal,
Though 'tis very well known he liv'd under the Pole.

First he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion,
And lied like a lawyer to move her compassion:
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,
And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,
If valour deserv'd the regard of the fair,
That his courage was tried—though he scorn'd to disclose
How many brave fellows he'd took by the nose.

For his politics, too, they were thoroughly known:
A patriot he was to the very back bone;
Wilkes he *gratis* had shav'd, for the good of the nation,
And he held the Whig-club in profound veneration.

For his tenets religious, he well could expound
Emanuel Swedenborg's myst'ries profound,
And new doctrines could broach with the best of 'em all;
For a periwig-maker ne'er wanted a caul.

Thus this knight of the bason confounded together
Courage, politics, love, inspiration, and lather:
But his hard-hearted mistress, she set him at nought;
No gudgeon was she, nor so easily caught.

Indignant she answer'd, 'No chin-scraping sot
Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot:
No!—to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie;
Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry.

'Holborn-bridge and Black-friars my triumphs can tell;
From Billingsgate-beauties I've long borne the bell:

Nay,

Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie for my favour;
Then d'ye think I'll take up with a two-penny shaver?
'Let dory, or turbot, the sov'reign of fish,
Check by jowl with red-herring be serv'd in one dish;
Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
When I angle for husbands, and barbers shall bite.'

But the barber persisted (ah, could I relate 'em!)
To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum;
And took ev'ry occasion to flatter and praise her,
Till she fancied his wit was as keen as a razor.

He protested besides, if she'd grant his petition,
She should live like a lady of rank and condition,
And to Billingsgate-market no longer repair,
But himself all her business would do to a hair.
Her smiles, he asserted, would melt even rocks;
Nay, the fire of her eyes would consume barbers' blocks;
On insensible objects bestow animation,
And give to old periwigs regeneration.
With fair speeches cajol'd, as you'd tickle a trout,
'Gainst the barber the fish-wife no more could hold out:
He applied the right bait, and with flattery he caught her;
Without flattery a female's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the barber once guess'd,
Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd;
And as briskly bestirr'd him, the charmer embracing,
As the wash-ball that dances and froths in his bason.

The flame to allay that their bosoms did so burn,
They set out for the church of St. Andrew, in Holborn,
Where tonsors and trulls, country Dicks and their cousins,
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace, came from every quarter
The worthies at Rag-fair old caxons who barter,
Who the coverings of judges' and counsellors' nobs
Cut down into majors, queues, scratches, and bobs.

Musclemongers and oystermen, crimps and coalheavers,
And butchers with marrow-bones smiting their cleavers;
Shrimp-scalders and bug-killers, taylors and tilers,
Boys, botchers, bawds, bailiffs, and black-pudding-boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow'd
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor Tott'nham-court-road:
While St. Andrew's brave bells did so loud and so clear ring,
You'd have given ten pounds to've been out of their hearing.

For his fee—when the parson this couple had join'd,
As no cash was forth-coming, he took it in kind:
So the bridegroom dismantled his rev'rence's chin,
And the bride entertain'd him with pilchards and gin.

ADDRESS OF AN INDIAN GIRL

TO AN ADDER.

[*Written by an eminent literary character, then a scholar of Winchester-college.*]

STAY, stay, thou lovely fearful snake!
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake;
But let me oft thy form review,
Thy sparkling eyes, and golden hue:
From thence a chaplet shall be wove
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then, ages hence, when thou no more
Shalt glide along the sunny shore,
Thy copied beauties shall be seen;
Thy vermeil red and living green
In mimic folds thou shalt display:
Stay, lovely, fearful adder, stay!

INKLE TO YARICO.

EPISTLE II.

[*See page* 215.]

AGAIN I write, thy injur'd breast to move
To tears of pity, and to sighs of love,
For him consign'd misfortune's barb to share,
Consign'd alike to conscience and to care.
Let pity yield what justice can't bestow,
And grant a timely solace to my woe.
Would Heav'n were kind, I'd brave the boisterous sea,
And seek content in slavery with thee;
With genial rapture ev'ry trouble share,
And live to love thee with a husband's care;
Foster my infant in my perjur'd breast,
List his soft prattle, with his lispings blest.
I read thy letter* o'er with anxious fears,
And thy reproaches number'd with my tears;
Each line I read the stings of conscience own,
To mis'ry drive me, and to grief alone.
Couldst thou but see me at this period now!
Disease sits cank'ring on my pallid brow;
My languid limbs their wonted aid deny,
And ev'ry moment mis'ry prompts the [sigh:
The hand of Plenty, palsied o'er with grief,
From me withholds—what Nature craves—relief.
Friends all forsake, relations scorn to know
A prison'd kinsman so deprest with [woe.
Ah, money! money! poison of the mind!
Thy dazzling glistenings prov'd my reason blind:
Thou laid'st the toil my youthful heart to snare,
And led'st me captive to the shrine of Care.
As, on a wint'ry night, the treach'rous ray
Urges the trav'ler from his wonted way;
Decoys him on, unthinking of the guile;
Affords a light to tempt him to the wile;
Till, plunged in death, and losing the sad ray,
He curses what decoy'd him from his way:—
Thus money made me callous and forlorn;
To sell thee, Yarico, and child unborn.
Oh, Heav'n! thy pity can I hope to crave,
Ere these disorder'd features meet the grave?
Can I demand the mercy of thy throne,
To save a wretch in virtue's path unknown?
'Tis thus I mourn the day: nor do my woes
At eve's return admit of soft repose:
Restless I pass the ling'ring hours away;
No peace by night I know, nor in the [day.
But, oh! my Yarico, the crime forgive,
And send thy pardon while as yet I live.
Then, as I bend at our Creator's shrine,
With my entreaties O then mingle [thine!
Or after death no sylvan bower prepare,
For Heav'n will not permit my presence there.
Still more I ask in this terrestrial clime:
Let not thy infant know his father's crime;
Lest the foul deed should blast his mother's fame,
And in the act he curse his father's name.
Thy friend, the easer of thy poignant grief,
Who kindly gave my Yarico relief,
Who cloth'd my boy—O let the angel know
She shares the prayers of Inkle, son of [woe!
I had a friend whom this false heart held dear,
Who oft-times cheer'd me with a pitying tear;
Who promis'd ransom, Yarico, for thee,
And said he'd set our little offspring free:
But disconcerted was the kindly plan,
And Heaven took the Christian with the man.
Again I ask—again, again I crave
Thy pardon, ere I mingle with the grave;

* See page 436.

For

F or dire disorder lingers in my frame,
P reys on my cheek, and flows through ev'ry vein.
Full well I know I linger out my span;
A wretched trav'ler, and a guilty man.
But if Repentance, with her godly pow'r,
May cheer the soul in dissolution's hour;
Give hope my sins, though great, may be forgiv'n,
And ope the gates of happiness and heav'n,
Then may I hope: but, if my prayer's conjoin'd
With the soft wishes of a virtuous mind,
Still greater then my ardent trust will prove,
Firm on the rock of pure celestial love.

W. SMITH.

Tooley-street, Southwark, Sept. 7, 1802.

THE BLIND MAN'S PETITION.

In Imitation of the Beggar's Petition.

'And, O Humanity! thy arm extend,
With genial Sympathy, benignant maid!
Where hopeless Penury scarce knows a friend,
Her griefs to lessen, or her wants to aid.'

SHEPPARD*.

AH! stay awhile, and sympathise with me,
And list the sorrows of a troubled mind!
O, smooth the thorny couch of misery;
For, see! I'm wretched, and both poor and blind.

The loving partner of my breast, forlorn,
No more can ease the galling yoke of care.
Alas! she fell, at poverty's sad dawn,
A victim to the cank'ring fiend Despair.

But Heav'n denied these rolling balls to view
The sad emotions of her fleeting breath;
For, as I sped to sigh the last adieu,
The vivid lightning seal'd my eyes in death.

Forgive the tear—alas! alas! 't will flow—
An off'ring to her matchless worth consign'd;
'T will ease the burthen of my grief and woe,
And stay the impulse of a frantic mind.

My friendly cur, see, pities my distress,
And licks the sorrows from my furrow'd cheek:
His actions all his sympathy express;
His looks, I ween, are more than words can speak.

My sons, supporters of my aged years,
With Abercromby fought, and nobly died;
They share the tribute of a country's tears,
And have a wretched father's tears beside.

Ah! ye who view the glorious orb of day,
And thoughtless join the giddy round of joy,
Reflect, as yet you keep the flow'ry way,
That Heav'n can all your brightest hopes destroy.

I once, like you, was jocund, blithe, and young:
I too was fed at Luxury's gay board:
But Time has changed the accents of my tongue,
And robb'd my breast of all my heart had stor'd.

But why repine? for Heav'n is just and kind,
And moulds the heart in pity's softening glow,
To sooth the anguish of a tortur'd mind,
And ease the bosom thus deprest with woe.

Ah! pity then the sorrows of my breast,
And lend a wretched, poor blind man your mite;
And may your rolling years on earth be blest!
And O may Heaven your charity requite!

W. SMITH.

Tooley-street, June 7, 1802.

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* See Elegy inserted in the Lady's Magazine for March 1802.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN NEWS.

Vienna, June 12.

THE rumour of the death of the arch-duke Charles is unfounded. He was given over; but the skill of his physicians fortunately removed the dreadful spasms with which he was afflicted, and he is now rapidly recovering.

Havre, July 3. The Zoe arrived yesterday from Cayes St. Louis in fifty-one days. That part of the south of St. Domingo had not experienced the same disasters as the rest of the island, on account of the speedy submission of general Laplume. The state of commerce, however, was very bad, few provisions, the cotton harvest not over, and the small quantity gathered by the negroes is in a bad condition.

The commercial news from Port-au-Prince is much more afflicting; raw sugar was from fifty to sixty livres; a small quantity only had been made, because the negroes had only begun to return to their habitations. Cottons were very scarce, because Gonaives and Merebalais have been burnt; so that there is no harvest this year in those cantons. Cotton at Port-au-Prince is two hundred and thirty and two hundred and fifty livres. There is no indigo at all. Coffee is the only article in any abundance; it is from eighteen to twenty-two sols. The daily arrivals of English and American ships induce a belief that that article will be dear and scarce in two months. Five *per cent.* is paid on importation, and ten *per cent.* on exports; and a duty of four livres two sols six deniers *per millier*. The colony abounds with English merchandise.

Hague, July 6. Letters from Vienna of the 26th ult. state, that Passwan Oglou's rapid progress has given rise to vigorous measures on the part of the Austrian government. The court of Russia is expected to consent to the demand made by the court of Vienna, to march troops for the purpose of taking possession of Walachia, in order to appease the troubles, or rather to get footing, in European Turkey.—Passwan has beaten a corps of three thousand Turks near Pietra. He has invited the bozars who have taken flight to return to their homes and pay the contributions, otherwise he will pillage and lay waste all their property. His army has been considerably augmented since his entrance into Walachia by Austrian deserters, Russians, Poles, and Turks. One of his detachments having approached within two leagues of the Austrian frontiers, the imperial government has given orders to ten battalions of troops to cover Transylvania; and has declared to the Porte the necessity of occupying Walachia, as a measure of safety. According to all accounts, the Turkish government was never in such a state of decrepitude and weakness as at present.

Manheim, July 23. The corps of Palatine troops here is in complete readiness to march for Wurtzburg at an hour's notice. The Bavarian court acts in perfect unison with the Prussian court. At Carlsruhe the patents are made out for taking possession of the territory from the Neckar to the Breisgau.

Barcelona, July 24. The Spanish squadron, which is to proceed from Carthagena to Naples to take on board their Sicilian majesties, and bring them here, is perfectly ready for sailing, though it is not to set out till the 15th of next month. It consists of twelve ships under the command of admiral Solano, having under his command M. de Nava and the marquis de Bonazza. After this squadron shall have taken on board their Sicilian majesties, it will proceed to Leghorn to take on board also the sovereigns of Etruria.

Constantinople, July 24. The English general, Stewart, has arrived here.

He is to proceed to Egypt, to give the necessary directions relative to the departure of the British troops. He had, yesterday, a conference with the reis effendi, in which he signified the desire of the British court to effect a reconciliation between the beys in Egypt and the Sublime Porte. His proposal was, that a part of Egypt should be assigned to the beys, which they might occupy without danger to the authority of the Porte. The reis effendi made answer, that no peace was to be expected in Egypt, so long as the beys remained in any part of that country.

Frankfort, July 24. The Bavarian garrison at Straubingen has marched to the frontiers, to be ready to take possession of the territories of Passau and Eichstadt.

25. The king of Prussia has begun to occupy the countries allotted to him as indemnities. The electoral regency sitting at Erfurt has been informed, on the part of his majesty, that a body of troops has been put in motion for the purpose of taking possession of l'Eichsfeld, and the city of Erfurt, with its territory, and that in consequence they must provide all the necessary accommodations for those troops. A similar injunction has been laid upon the magistrates of the imperial cities of Goslar, Mulhausen, and Nordhausen, and also the episcopal regencies of Munster, Paderborn, and Hildesheim. The minister of state, the count de Schulenberg, is proceeding to Hildesheim with the grand committee of administrators and judges, who are charged to organise the administration of the new Prussian provinces. There will also be a committee in each province. It is asserted that the courts of Wurtzburg and Bamberg have resolved to shut the gates of those two cities against the troops marching to take possession of them, until the emperor and the empire have sanctioned the occupation of those principalities.

Munster, July 27. Yesterday our magistracy received a letter from the Prussian general Blucher, stating, that on the third of August two thousand seven hundred men, with six hundred horses, would enter Munster to take cantonments there.

Vienna, July 31. A courier has been sent off from our court to our envoy at Berlin, count Stadion, who is directed to assure the court of Prussia, that his imperial majesty will not only occasion no obstacle to the taking possession of the Prussian indemnities, but will do every thing in his power to promote the completion of this business; for which purpose he has given orders to his troops occupying any of the places allotted to Prussia, as, for instance, Erfurt, to evacuate them immediately on the approach of the Prussian troops. His imperial majesty expects, however, a similar compliance, in the like case, on the part of Prussia.

There is a report here of an approaching great change in the ministry. The archduke Charles, it is said, will resign, and the archduke John come into his place. Count Laschanski is to be chancellor for Bohemia and Austria; count Lehrbach minister of justice; count Mailath Italian court chancellor, and count Charles von Zichy minister of finance.

According to letters from Constantinople, of the 30th of June, the Porte cannot entirely depend on the submission of Giorgi Pacha, as, notwithstanding the engagements he has entered into, he has not yet disbanded his troops, but still keeps them under arms; but he is attentively watched by the captain pacha. At the same time, however, a capitulation and amnesty are negotiating, under the mediation of a great power, between the Porte and Passwan Oglou, which may be expected soon to be concluded, and will put an end to the disturbances in Turkey in Europe.

The queen of Naples, on her departure from this city, was accompanied as far as Luxembourg by the emperor, the grand duke of Tuscany, duke Albert, &c. The emperor has presented the Neapolitan princess Antoinette, affianced consort of the prince of Asturias, with a chain of pearls worth ten thousand ducats.

Wezel, August 7. Yesterday a general pardon was proclaimed in the new countries obtained by his majesty, for all those who, from the fear of the recruiting, or those military who, being actually in service, or those who, for other causes, had left the Prussian dominions, and retired to these new possessions. His majesty assures them that they shall not be molested, either by the military or the civil powers, in their

their present possessions, or in the exercise of their several professions.

On the arrival of the troops at Werden, the officers and commissaries were received and lodged in the politest manner by the abbot. When the Prussian eagles were about to be affixed at Kettwich, the inhabitants made themselves masters of them, and suspended them to some triumphal arches. At Essen, however, they met with a different reception.

In the country of Munster, Prussia gets all that lies to the east side of the line which is drawn from the Lippe near Olphen, over Seperad, Kakesbeck, Heddieksel, Giskink, Hulshof, Nanhok, Menberg, Uhlenbroek, Zimmel, and Schonfeld, to Greven on the Ems, and from thence along the Ems to nearly the mouth of the Aa.

Paris, August 9. On the 4th instant, news was received at Nantes from St. Domingo to the 26th June. At that period the colony appeared to enjoy the greatest tranquillity. The general in chief had just published the new constitution of St. Domingo, the execution of which was suspended with respect to some articles during the time the colony was in a state of warfare. An *arrêté*, by the captain-general, determines the exceptions rendered necessary by existing circumstances.—Another *arrêté* fixes the division of the French part of the isle into departments, quarters, and communes.

About the middle of June there arrived at St. Domingo, from Toulon, a frigate and two corvettes, on board of which were a thousand troops, who, it is said, were to be followed by six thousand more.

It is said, in an article from Constantinople, that Passwan Oglou has sent overtures for a negotiation to the Porte, but that no answer was returned to them.

Hague, August 12. This morning was decreed in the sitting of the legislative assembly the general amnesty for all offences connected with political opinions. This amnesty extends even to those who have served the enemy against the republic. But it is not to extend to those who voted for the surrender of the Dutch fleet when North Holland was invaded by the English.

The persons who are to have the benefit of the amnesty cannot claim the employments they occupied before the revolution, nor demand restitution of the expenses of processes against their persons.

Mr. Fox and suite arrived here the day before yesterday. They set out this morning for Rotterdam.

30. Citizen Schimmelpenninck, our ambassador at Paris, is shortly expected here, previous to his departure for England, to take upon himself the like charge at the British court.

The Batavian squadron at Malaga, under the command of admiral de Winter, will set sail for the Barbary coasts as soon as it shall have been provided with fresh water, in order to renew the peace with the deys of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. This fleet will then sail for Italy and Toulon, and finally for Lisbon, where it will remain the winter. If, however, it be true, as is reported, that the plague rages on the Barbary coast, it is probable that some deviation will take place in the destination of this squadron.

Some journals had announced that the French troops would evacuate our republic the end of next month; yet, though it is certain that such an event will take place, no orders have yet been given which fix the precise day. It is supposed, however, that they will begin their march on the 1st Vendemiaire (23d Sept.) The ammunition and artillery belonging to the troops have already been sent from the arsenals of Delft to Belgium.

September 10. The French garrison are to quit us the day after to-morrow, to embark for Louisiana. They will not be replaced by other troops.

The sixteen ships fitted out from this country for Greenland, on the whale-fishery, are now all returned, having caught, in the whole, sixty-two fish.

Citizen Hultman, general secretary of the executive government, took leave yesterday of the diplomatic body, in quality of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Batavian republic to the court of Berlin. We hear from good authority, that that court is about to appoint the person who is to reside here as its minister.

HOME NEWS.

Southampton, August 14.

ON Sunday an elegant silver cup, value 200*l.* made in London, was shipped from hence for admiral sir James Saumarez, at Jersey, being a present from the merchants there, for his exemplary prowess in the capture of La Réunion frigate, without the loss of a man on his part. The workmanship was much admired by many who viewed it: it had suitable inscriptions, and was finely embossed with characteristic emblems.

London, August 14. At the Thames police-office, a woman was charged with robbing her husband, by picking his pocket of a sum of money, and laying it out on finery: she was ordered to give up the property to her husband, and was severely reprimanded by the magistrates; but she seemed insensible to reproof.

27. This day the new West-India docks at Blackwall were opened by the admission of the Henry Addington and a loaded ship. The former was decorated with the colours of all nations, the British being placed above the rest. She entered first, being towed in by the capstan, assisted by the labourers, who dragged the cable-ropes affixed at the head of the vessel. Two small boats were likewise employed. On passing through the coffer-dam, the chain of the flood-gates gave way, which stopped the proceedings for near five minutes; and on entering the lock leading from the great bason into the principal dock, the ship went against the side of the lock, and carried away a part of the stone, but providentially no damage was done to the ship. The Henry Addington, on entering the great dock, fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns, which was answered by repeated huzzas from the populace. The loaded ship came in about five minutes after the first, without meeting any impediment. At half after one they arrived at their moorings, immediately opposite the warehouse, N° 8; on which occasion the guns were again fired. The band of the first regiment of guards, stationed on the north-quay, then struck up 'God save the king,' which was re-echoed by the city-band on board the Henry Addington. It was one of the most beautiful sights ever seen, the ships coming in with a full breeze from W.; the flags being all new, and placed from head to stern, and to the pennant at the mast-head.

Wakefield, September 3. On Thursday morning last, about two o'clock, Mr. Tolerton, of Flanshaw-lane, near this town, was alarmed by an uncommon noise; and on getting up and looking out of the window, he observed a man on the other side of the road washing his hands, and a light in the house of E. Smith, one of his neighbours, living opposite. On his giving the alarm the light was extinguished, and the man he had seen ran away. Mr. Tolerton then entered the house, and found Mrs. Smith in a little room at the back of her bed-chamber, covered with blood, cut and bruised in a manner too dreadful to relate, and writhing in the agonies of death. She was quite speechless, and survived but a few minutes. From some suspicious circumstances, a young man about nineteen years of age was taken up. On his first examination he flatly denied having any knowledge of the horrid event; but at length confessed that he committed the murder in company with Richard Heald, another young man in the neighbourhood. Understanding the deceased was worth money, they broke open the house, with a fixed resolution to rob and murder her. Terry held the unhappy woman while Heald cut and beat her, and by accident wounded his accomplice's hand, which he was employed in washing when seen by Mr. Tolerton.

Heald

Heald denies the whole. The villains are both apprentices, and are fully committed to York-castle for trial. The deceased was upwards of seventy years old, and universally respected.

Portsmouth, September 4. During the very thick fog on Sunday last, Mr. Devereux, a navy-agent at Gosport, and a party of twelve other persons, were returning in a wherry from Ryde, they were imperceptibly carried, by the rapidity of the tide, through the Needles. Before the fog cleared away, the dark shades of night succeeded, so that they found themselves—'they knew not where.' In this perilous situation they continued drifting until Monday afternoon, five o'clock, when they were picked up by a Torbay fishing-boat, a few miles below Portland. It must be considered a fortunate circumstance that there was but little wind during this aquatic excursion, until the boat took them up, when it came on to blow quite fresh. Mr. Devereux, as a testimony of gratitude for his preservation, very liberally remunerated the captain of the boat.

Windsor, September 4. Wednesday evening their majesties and the princesses arrived here from Weymouth: they were received with every demonstration of joy by the inhabitants; the town was illuminated, guns fired, and the parish and cathedral bells rung on the occasion. The Coldstream regiment of guards and the 11th light dragoons lined the streets, and up to the Queen's-lodge, where there were the duke of York's, the queen's, and the 11th dragoons' bands, who played 'God save the king,' 'Rule Britannia,' &c. after which they played some favourite airs, &c. and then returned to their barracks and quarters. The three bands are to play every evening on the terrace during the season. Much company is expected on the occasion.

Dublin, September 4. The melancholy fate of the ingenious Mr. Spalding has not, we find, deterred others from exploring the recesses of the deep, by means of the diving-machine or bell, as on Tuesday last Mr. Healy of James's-street descended from a vessel in our bay, which was for the purpose moored over the spot where some months since a large Cumberland collier had been sunk. He continued immersed one hour and three quarters, during which a fresh supply of air was introduced into the bell by means of a pneumatic engine worked on the deck of the vessel, and communicating by a tube; a method more efficacious and less hazardous than the sinking of air-casks as hitherto practised. His object was, to ascertain the practicability of raising the sunken ship.

Cork, September 5. A melancholy event lately occurred here:—Lieut. Barron, of the 82d regiment, which had arrived lately from Minorca, and was performing quarantine in Cork harbour, on the day before the expiration of the quarantine, as he was quitting his ship to dine on board one of the men of war of the convoy, also on quarantine, at an elegant entertainment given by the navy-officers to the 82d regiment, fell down on the deck and instantly expired. He was a gentleman of considerable fortune and most polished manners, and is most universally and deeply regretted by his brother officers.

Brighton, September 6. A melancholy event occurred in this neighbourhood last Friday:—As Mr. Otto jun. of the Royal Crescent, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Shergold jun., and a young gentleman of the name of Edwards, the eldest son of Bryan Edwards, esq., went on a party to shoot, near Hand-cross, young Mr. Edwards was unfortunately shot. The accident happened while the parties were eagerly crossing a gate, to get into a field where the dogs were setting. The shot broke two of the ribs on his right side, and perforated the aorta, which caused his immediate death. The body was taken to the inn at Hand-cross, where the coroner sat, with a jury, on the ensuing day, and brought in their verdict 'Accidental death.'

Faversham, September 8. A most melancholy scene was last night exhibited at this place:—While the inhabitants were quietly engaged in their several occupations, little expecting danger, the most tremendous explosion was experienced, by the blowing up of the powder-mill, shaking every house to the very foundation, doing much damage

damage to the buildings, and destroying windows out of number. No certain cause for the accident can be assigned; as, on these melancholy occasions, every person and thing is swept away within a certain distance, and no one left to give the real cause. So soon as any one would venture near the spot, it was discovered that five poor fellows, and two horses, had lost their lives, their limbs being scattered in all directions by the explosion. The names of these unfortunate men are, Wight, Coveney, Hastings, Taylor, and Thurston, all workmen in the mill. On a further search, another poor creature was found, named Symonds, still alive, but dreadfully torn and mangled. Instant care was taken of him, and every means used to get from him the cause of the accident; but he was unable to utter a word, and died in about an hour and a half. The general opinion is, that the grinding machine was going with too much velocity, and that the wheels had, in consequence, taken fire.

Bath, September 8. Yesterday about half past five in the afternoon, M. Garnerin ascended with his balloon for the thirtieth time, from Sydney gardens. The weather was extremely propitious, and the ascent very grand. The wind being moderate, and the atmosphere clear, M. Garnerin hovered over Bath for some time, and was distinctly seen waving his flags at a great height, by the thousands assembled in the city, on the neighbouring hills, and on all the roads from Bath for many miles. He then steered a south-east course, and alighted in a field near Mells-park, the seat of Thomas Horner, esq. distant 16 miles from Bath.

Yarmouth, September 9. A whimsical circumstance occurred here last week, which, however, was attended with more alarm than peril. One of the bathing machines, by the force of the water, which overcame that of the horses, as the ground is very sloping, was descending too far into the sea. There were two ladies in the inside, quite in the situation of Eve. The driver of the machine was unable to assist them; and some gentlemen, who were bathing near the place, attracted by their cries, hastened to their relief. The gentlemen were, of course, in a situation as much resembling Adam; but there was no time for *ceremony*, and the distressed ladies were very glad to be delivered from danger at the expence of *decorum*.

London, September 10. On Sunday evening last, a very genteel dressed man having got behind one of the Stratford stages, he unfortunately got entangled in the wheel, which at length drew him almost doubly between the spokes, and impeded the progress of the carriage. To extricate the unhappy man, it was found necessary to take off the wheel, when his head appeared nearly severed from his body, and otherwise shockingly mangled. He was taken to the Plough at Mile End, where he now lies for the inspection of the coroner's inquest.

Liverpool, September 18. A tremendous fire broke out last night at this place, which consumed the whole of the beautiful and extensive warehouses fronting St. George's dock, justly the pride of Liverpool's enterprising inhabitants, and the admiration of all strangers. It is not known how this dreadful calamity originated: but about ten o'clock smoke was observed to issue from the centre of Francis's Buildings. The fire-bell was instantly rung, and drums beat to arms; the whole of the military turned out, and every exertion that active attention could furnish was rendered. The remains of the Northumberland fencibles were particularly active, commanded by their adjutant.

About one the flames burst forth with tremendous fury, and continued raging and threatening destruction to all around till six o'clock in the morning, when they were got somewhat under. The fury with which the conflagration raged, its effects will best demonstrate; for all those beautiful and extensive buildings, reaching from Water-lane to Brunswick-street, with the corresponding store-houses called Francis, were at six o'clock in the morning one prodigious heap of ruins! The walls which bounded these prodigious buildings, being from ten to fourteen stories high, stand perfect but unsupported: the front has given way, except

except some large stone arches which formed its basis: these, as the buildings have fallen, are mutilated, and appear above the heaps of the rubbish a perfect picture.

George's dock is one scene of confusion: bales of cotton, puncheons of rum, of sugar, bags of corn, &c. lying in promiscuous heaps. Every face bears evident marks of sorrow, or of sympathy. The actual damage cannot be less than a million of money.

The shipping (for the dock was full close to the spot) were, from its fortunately being flood-tide, removed and preserved; but every attention was necessary, such as wet sails placed before the rigging, &c. It may be considered a fortunate circumstance that the streets of this populous town were laid with water-pipes; and the attention paid by the proprietors of the Bootle-springs towards furnishing a sufficient quantity of water, in a great measure checked the progress of the flames. It is to be regretted the immense reservoir completing by this company was not finished, as it is calculated to contain near 4000 tuns of water, at an height commanding the utmost acclivities and buildings of the town.

London, September 21. M. Garnerin ascended with his balloon and parachute from St. George's parade, North Audley-street, about a quarter before six in the evening. When he had risen to the height of nearly a mile he detached the parachute from the balloon, and fell, at first, with great rapidity; afterwards descending more slowly, the parachute exhibited an appearance which filled the numerous thousands who beheld it with the most painful alarm for the safety of the brave adventurer. The basket swung with the motion of a pendulum, which increased to such a degree, that it frequently appeared on a line with the parachute, while the cotton seemed fallen in on the upper side, and appeared every moment to threaten the entire derangement of the machine. After descending, however, in this apparently most dangerous manner, M. Garnerin alighted without hurt in a field near Pancras church, whence he returned home, on horseback, amidst the congratulations and acclamations of admiring multitudes.

BIRTHS.

August 28. In Curzon-street, the lady of Horatio Townsend, esq. of a son.

29. In Harley-street, the lady of Jn. Dennison, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

The lady of the right rev. the bishop of Chester, of a son, being her thirteenth child.

31. At Aboyne castle, the countess of Aboyne, o fa son.

September 4. At Barton-Segrave, the hon. Mrs. Stopford, of a daughter.

The lady of R. Alderson, esq. of Bungay, of a son.

5. At the Abbey, Shrewsbury, the lady of sir C. Oakley, bart. of a son.

6. At St. John's, county Wexford, the lady of Charles Hill, esq. of a son and heir.

9. At his house in Audley-square, the lady of John Dent, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

12. The lady of T. B. Davies, esq. of a son, at his house at Brighton.

At Tendring-hall, Suffolk, the lady of sir W. Rowley, bart. of a daughter.

13. At Oakfield-house, near Croydon, the lady of H. Warrington, esq. of a daughter.

At Twickenham, the hon. Mrs. Espinassé, lady of lieut.-col. Espinasse, of the 4th regiment, of a daughter.

14. At lord Bolton's, Lower Grosvenor-street, the hon. Mrs. Irby, of a son and heir.

In Harley-street, the lady of Augustus Elliott Fuller, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

August 25. At the church of St. Clement Danes, lord viscount Falkland, to miss Anton.

At Stapleford, in Nottinghamshire, captain Tedley, of the Coldstream guards, to miss Warren, only daughter of rear-admiral sir John Borlase Warren, bart. K. B.

28. At Lambeth church, by the rev. Dr. Vyse, Boughey Burgess, esq. of Hammersmith, to miss Barrett, only daughter of Bryant Barrett, esq. of Stockwell, Surrey.

At Hackney, by the rev. Mr. Watson, William Rhodes, esq. of Hoxton, to miss Cooper, of Clapton.

September 1. Thomas Tooke, esq. of North-end, Hampstead, to miss Combe, daughter of Dr. Combe, of Bloomsbury-square.

September

September 1. At Litchfield, Robert John Harper, esq. of the duchy of Lancaster, Somerset-place, to miss Hinckley, eldest daughter of Thomas Hinckley, esq. of Litchfield.

2. At Preston, the rev. David Martin, vicar of Leysdown, Kent, to miss Clarke, of Houndsditch, London.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, H. Jodrell, of Bayfield, in the county of Norfolk, esq. M. P. to miss Weyland, eldest daughter of John Weyland, esq. of Woodeaton, in the county of Oxford.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Frederick Liardet, esq. capt. in the royal marines, to miss Flint, of Eaton-street, Grosvenor-place.

Samuel Hood Linzee, esq. captain in the navy, to miss Woolridge of Plymouth.

3. At Shrewsbury, Mr. Allen, of Caroline-street, Bedford-square, to miss Clay, of Overton-bridge, Shropshire.

4. At Mitcham, Surrey, John Royds, esq. to miss Louisa Bond.

7. At Beaconsfield, Bucks, Thomas Castle, esq. of Bristol, to miss Morgan, of Beaconsfield.

At Topsham church, near Exeter, by the rev. James Carrington, the hon. Samuel Mitchell, president of the council of Grenada, to miss Mary Floud, sister of Thomas Floud, esq. mayor of Exeter.

At Bishopsbourn, in Kent, Edward Taylor, esq. of Bifrons, to miss Beckingham, daughter of the rev. J. C. Beckingham, of Bourn-place, in the same county.

At Alderschurch, Lincolnshire, Thomas Payne, esq. of Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, to Mrs. Hutchinson, of Wolverhampton.

8. John Henry Stephenson, esq. of Great Ormond-street, to miss Eleanor Smith, daughter of Hugh Smith, of Bloomsbury-square, esq.

Lieutenant-col. Peyton, of the Leitrim militia, to miss Reynolds, sister and co-heiress of the late George Nugent Reynolds, esq. of Loughscur, county of Leitrim.

DEATHS.

August 24. At his house, in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, J. Eddowes, esq. aged 81.

Mrs. Hubbart, of Blackheath, aged 84.

In the King's Bench prison, of a deep decline, M. Bossi, a musical professor of eminent talents.

25. After a few hours illness, at her sister's house in Great Cumberland-street, Portman-square, miss Sarah Cardin.

Mr. John Borrett, of Abingdon-street, Westminster.

At Richmond, Mrs. Jeffreys, aunt to the hon. miss Jeffreys, of South Audley-street.

29. At Margate, Mrs. Windsor, relict of Richard Windsor, esq. of Tottenham High-Cross.

At Hales-place, near Canterbury, in the 78th year of his age, sir Edward Hales, bart.

At Hampstead, Wm. Annaud, esq. of Little Love-lane, Aldermanbury.

At Bath, S. K. Bungey, esq. of London.

At Bath, aged 82, James Theobald, esq. of Great James-street, London.

30. In Paris, Mr. Bianchi, the celebrated performer on the violin, in the 27th year of his age.

31. At his brother's house, at Clapton, Middlesex, in the 72d year of his age, Baden Powell, esq. of Loughton, Essex.

At Dublin, Margaret Cecil Hamilton, viscountess dowager Southwell, relict of Thomas George, lord viscount Southwell, of Ireland, in the 31st year of her age.

September 1. At her house in Wimpole-street, Mrs. Willett, aged 72.

4. Mr. Spires, one of the messengers belonging to lord Hawkesbury's office, in Downing-street.

6. At Binfield, lady Vernon, relict of the late admiral sir Edward Vernon.

7. At his house, in Lime-street-square, Mr. James Cockburn, merchant, aged 43.

9. At Barnstaple, captain Francis Davie, of the marines.

At his seat, at Ingleby, sir Wm. Foulis, bart.

At Royden-hall, the seat of sir Wm. Twysden, bart. Mrs. Wynch, relict of Alexander Wynch, esq. late governor of Madras.

11. At Belleisle, county of Fermanagh, general the earl of Ross.